Metropolitan Borough of St. Marylebone.

CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARY.

RULES AND REGULATIONS. A full copy of these is supplied gratis to borrowers on application.

HOURS. These are notified on Printed Notices at the Counter. (Rule 3).

TIME ALLOWED for reading this book 15 days including days of issue and return. A fine of ½d. per day or portion of a day if detained longer. (Rule 9).

RENEWALS. Any book (except a work of fiction) may be re-borrowed for a further period of 15 days unless required by another reader. (Rule 11)

CARE OF BOOKS. Books must be kept clean, protected from wet weather, and any damage reported on return. Books will not be entrusted to messengers considered unfit to take care of them. (Rule 10).

CHANGE OF ADDRESS of borrowers or their guarantors must be notified immediately. (Rule 14)

LOST TICKETS to be notified as soon as possible. Borrowers are responsible for any books borrowed on their tickets. (Rule 15).

SATCHELS, BAGS AND UMBRELLAS must be left with attendant. (Rule 4).

RESERVING OF BOOKS. This may be secured, except for works of fiction, by paying for a post-card notice. (Rule 13).

INFECTIOUS DISEASE. If infectious disease should break out in your house do not return this book, but inform the Librarian at once. Penalty for infringing this rule, or for knowingly permitting this book to be exposed to infection £5. (Rule 16).

DUNCAN GRAY, F.L.A
Borough Librarian.

10 m, 6/30. O. 96.

4592

LONDON BOROUGH OF LEWISHAM
LIBRARY SERVICE

Author

Title

BOOK STORE

Books or discs must be returned on or before the last date stamped on label or on card in book pocket. Books or discs can be renewed by telephone, letter or personal call unless required by another reader. After library hours use the Ansafone Service (01-698 7347). For hours of opening and charges see notices at the above branch, but note that all lending departments close at 1 pm on Wednesday and all libraries are closed on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, Bank Holidays and Saturdays prior to Bank Holidays.

METROPOLITAN
SPECIAL COLLECTION

- 7 DEC. 1931

ST. MARYLEBONE
PUBLIC LIBRARY

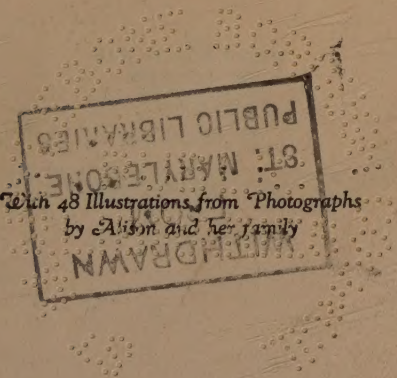
JAUNTING DOWN TO DINGLE.

941.5

EVERY WHICH WAY IN IRELAND

By

ALISON BARSTOW MURPHY
A Girl Scout



With 48 Illustrations from Photographs by Alison and her family

New York : London
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
The Knickerbocker Press
1930

941.5

34592

EVERY WHICH WAY
IN IRELAND

Copyright, 1930
by
G. P. Putnam's Sons

Published, Spring, 1930

Made in the United States of America

To

MOTHER

AND

GRANDMOTHER BARSTOW

FOREWORD

SO far as I know, in the publication of "Every Which Way in Ireland," we have the first book written by a Girl Scout.

Alison Murphy has given us an interesting and amusing account of a summer spent in Ireland.

After reading the story we seem to know intimately the people of that country—their customs and types of character, and we think of them as among the most devout, talented, visionary people of the world.

In this simple narrative of the explorations of a happy family on a summer vacation, we find much well written history and many adventures described in a fascinating manner.

Her visits to the Girl Guides will be of interest to the Girl Scouts.

We hope the young writer will make many similar pilgrimages and will tell about them in the same charming way.

MIRA H. HOFFMAN
President, Girl Scouts, Inc.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Why Go To Ireland?	3
II.	Across and Roundabout	6
III.	Ireland at Last and Our First Picnic	20
IV.	The Fun Gets Going	33
V.	Castles and Caves	49
VI.	Glengariff and Killarney	67
VII.	Where People Speak Irish Only	83
VIII.	Dad Comes!	98
IX.	Electricity	114
X.	With Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats	122
XI.	Back to Dublin for the Horse Show	138
XII.	Celtic Crosses and a Stone-Age Burial Mound	153
XIII.	From the Hill of Tara to the "Deserted Village"	165

CHAPTER PAGE

XIV.—Grey Islands in the Atlantic . . 177

XV.—An Aran Island Wedding . . . 194

XVI.—A Connemara Proposal and Our Donkey Picnic 203

XVII.—Northern Ireland and Our Last Happy Week 216

ILLUSTRATIONS

FACING PAGE

Jaunting Down to Dingle . *Frontispiece*

The Fairy-story Castle of Lismore . . 16

Bantry House, the Home of Mrs. Leigh-White, a High Official of the Irish Girl Guides 17

We Hiked Through the Gap of Dunloe to the Lakes of Killarney 40

Mother, Alison, Bob and Amos at Killarney 40

He Spoke No English, but His Face was His Fortune 41

The Cockle Woman on the Sands of Tramore 41

Cashel of the Kings, in County Tipperary . 56

An Ancient and Broken Celtic Cross Stands in the Market Place at Kells . . . 57

At Cashel the Pagan God of the Winds is Now on Good Terms with Angels and Saints 57

On the Sands of Slea Head we Built a Druid Ring, and the Boys Enacted a Human Sacrifice 64

Waves and Cliffs of Kilkee 65

"Welcome Yankees!" Said the Woman of the House 80

FACING PAGE

GROVES NOW MARK THE CASTLE-SITES WHERE KINGS ONCE RULED 81

THE ANCIENT ORATORY OF GALLERUS, WHERE ST. PATRICK MAY HAVE WORSHIPPED . . 81

THE LOVELY LAKE OF KILLARNEY, WITH KERRY COWS AND A SALMON SEINE 96

BOB AND AMOS HAVE A LESSON IN PATCHING THE THATCHING 97

AT KILLARNEY WE BECAME CHUMMY WITH SEVERAL KINDS AND SIZES OF BATS 97

THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY JUMPING AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW 112

LIVING STATUES—EVEN ELEPHANTS—ARE CLIPPED FROM IRISH YEW HEDGES 113

IN CONNEMARA ALL SIGNS ARE IN IRISH. THIS ONE SAYS, "WILLIAM O'KELLY, GROCERIES" 113

A GLIMPSE OF SLIGO FROM THE RUINS OF CREVALEA ABBEY 128

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST IS ENTERTAINED AT OUR PICNIC 128

ACROSS THE PEAT BOG LOOMS BENBULBIN, A MOUNTAIN RICH IN THE LORE OF OLD IRELAND 129

WE START ON A TWELVE-MILE ROW THROUGH THE THREE LAKES OF KILLARNEY . . . 144

A TYPICAL HOMESTEAD IN THE IRISH MIDLANDS, WITH THE WINTER'S STACK OF TURF AGAINST THE WALL 145

FACING PAGE

HERE COMES THE BRIDE! VILLAGERS AT THE CHURCH STEPS 160

THE GRANDDAD OF INISHMORE 160

THE BRIDE AND GROOM OF INISHMORE . . 161

EVERY COTTAGE HAS A CUPBOARD LIKE THIS . 161

ALISON RIDES SILVERMANE IN THE FASHION OF AN ARANMAN 168

MOTHER GOES NATIVE AT INISHMAAN . . . 168

OUR CURRAGH REACHES INISHMAAN 169

THE ROCKY ARANS PROVIDE A NATURAL FLOOR FOR HAND THRESHING 169

FEATURING THE ARAN ISLAND HAIRCUT . . 184

SOME OF THE FAIRIES WE REALLY SAW ON INISHMAAN 184

WE EXPLORE THE PREHISTORIC UNDERGROUND PASSAGES OF DINGLE 185

THE BOYS OF INISHMAAN FAVOUR PETS, PETTICOATS, AND PAMPOOTIES 185

PORTRAIT OF ALISON, BOB, AND AMOS AT MONASTERBOICE: FIND THE ROUND TOWER . . 192

PADDY HOLDS THE STAKES AT THE CLIFDEN RACES 192

WINNERS! ROSE AND HER YOUTHFUL JOCKEY, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE RAIN AT THE CLIFDEN RACES 193

MOTHER AND SON 208

FACING PAGE

In County Down We Found a Cromlech With its Top Still on 208

Young Hurlers of the Claddagh, or Fishermen's Village, of Galway 209

Playing Hurley, a Game That was Old When Cuchulain was Young 209

Mt. Errigal, One of the Most Beautiful Peaks Among the Fairy Mountains of Donegal 224

Dad, Alison, Bob, and Amos, Homeward Bound 225

Harvest Time in Connaught 225

EVERY WHICH WAY IN IRELAND

EVERY WHICH WAY IN IRELAND

CHAPTER I

WHY GO TO IRELAND?

ONCE there were two Irishmen—only there were four of us and only three of us are Irishmen. Mother merely married one. My brothers and I are supposed to descend from King Brian Boru, greatest king of Ireland, as most good Irishmen do. Our great-great-grandfather was Irish, too, so there's double proof. Still, we could always get by with our name.

Some people in America think there is nothing to see in Ireland. One man said when we announced our intentions for the summer, "Ireland? Why, I've passed the coast, but I never dreamt of stopping there!" We have proved our wisdom of choice. Ireland is not a place to be neglected, and we, in spite of all our reading, little realized how much there is to see there. We had planned to hop to France for a week, but we were

so busy that we did not have time, and even as it was, we missed many things.

The Irish climate is much maligned. We had many cloudless days, but even on days when the sky was overcast and there were occasional sprinkles (which were so light and short we hardly noticed them), we could always see the sun somewhere—a patch of light on the hills, on the water, on the beach or fields.

Ireland is one of the few places where fairies live to-day—live, in reality as well as in imagination. People we met had seen fairies, and their spirit is in every hill and lake, in every bit of the colourful landscape. The country makes a fitting setting for the fairy tales and the wonderful ancient mythology, which is even more fascinating than the two other mythologies of Europe.

Irish hospitality is famous, but its reputation falls below the reality. We were entertained everywhere, in cottages and castles. In one town, Mother asked a question of a gentleman on the street. After a minute, he said that he was a Sir Somebody, invited us to his house for tea, and gave us the run of his estate.

In ancient monuments, Ireland abounds. Some of the prehistoric forts and early Christian oratories are so old that Mother and I would be jokingly blasé about the modernity of merely medieval strongholds.

Castles fairly popped out of the roadside, all of them right from a story book picture, so many that we could not go inside them all; though we always wanted to explore the ruined ones. Yet, castles aren't generally associated with Ireland.

CHAPTER II

ACROSS AND ROUNDABOUT

JUNE 21st, a month to the minute after my fifteenth birthday, and the day I took my last examination in school, we boarded the steamer about ten o'clock in the evening.

"Wake us at one when the ship sails," my brothers shouted.

"I'll speak to you once, but you'll have to pull yourselves out of bed," answered Mother as we started to turn in.

Then Mother went up on deck with Dad, who was to follow us later, and saw him leave the dock.

As they left, the steward entered our cabin with a large basket of fruit and candy. There were so many presents already that this one almost had to be put in our berths with us.

Bob, Amos and I talked for a while and then they went to sleep. When the first whistle blew, Mother came down to the cabin.

"Amos, we're sailing."

"Umph." He turned over and was asleep sounder than before. Amos is ten.

Mother went into the next cabin where Bob, who is thirteen, was asleep.

"Bob, are you coming up on deck?"

"Umph," Bobby turned over; "Sure," and he was asleep again.

Mother and I laughed. I had been very much awake all the time, so I finished dressing and we went above decks.

We walked slowly towards the bow and looked at the lights of New York. As we passed one group of buildings, misty grey against a paler sky, I imagined that it looked like the dun (castle) of Balor, King of the Fomorians, a race who lived on an island off the north coast of Ireland. This dun was the most beautiful in the world, built by the Gubbaun Saor, a mârvellous, mythological smith. Balor wished to kill the smith when the dun was finished, so that he could never build its equal, but the Saor was too clever for him.

Above the faery castle, a searchlight swept across the sky, like the eye of Balor, whose glance, when the heavy lid was lifted by four strong men, could kill a man at twenty-five paces. When Balor was young he had passed an open window where some Druids were working spells,

and some of the fumes from their potions had entered his eye, giving it magical power.

Mother and I stayed on deck only long enough to see the Statue of Liberty.

The fog-horn was blowing in the morning. It does not sound nearly so cow-like and interesting from a few feet away as it does from a mile off. In fact, it is quite bothering to polite conversation.

The fog lifted soon to show porpoises traditionally gambolling in the waves, except that there weren't any waves. I never saw such a calm sea. We literally had no motion at all for the first three days.

Next morning we were in the Gulf Stream and all day we saw the yellow gulf-weed. The fog was gone and the sun was shining full strength on the ship and on the beautiful blue water.

We had a little discussion as to whether some animals we saw astern were whales or porpoises. The captain later confirmed Amos's and my opinion that they were whales.

One evening I wandered over to the rail and stood there while three men on the other side of the deck played on a violin, a banjo, and an accordion.

Astern of the ship and part way overhead was a dense black cloud with long fringes. Ahead and

abeam the beautiful sky was covered with stars. I wonder whether Columbus saw such a sky on his first and greatest voyage? It would have been symbolical with him—the cloud of superstition and darkness that hung like a pall over the Old World, reaching out with long tentacles to catch and hold him back; ahead the New World with the rising stars of light and fame.

I spent most of my time with the big pile of Irish literature which Mother had gathered together. Padraic Colum's "The King of Ireland's Son" was one of the few Irish books that we all knew well. We had collected other books as soon as we chose Ireland for our trip. There are many fascinating books on Cuchulain, who has been Ireland's beloved national hero for over two thousand years. James Stephens's "Crock of Gold" gives the spirit of Irish folk-lore in the inimitable way that is Stephens's own. We had many books of superstitions, customs, legends, fairy tales and the wonderful mythology also. All the folk-lore is a joy to read, it has such a simple belief and endless sense of humour running through it.

One morning the Captain talked to us for a minute while making his rounds, and asked us to come up on the bridge. He met us in the afternoon and showed us everything, checked the

boys when they boxed the compass, explained the charts, blew the ship's whistle for us.

"We only expected to stay about five minutes," said Mother, when we had been there considerably longer.

"Oh, well, the clocks go very slowly up here," we were told.

The waves ran twenty feet high the fifth day out, and it was gorgeous. When I went way up in the bow I had a double shower-bath before I could get back to shelter. And the steward had said there wasn't a ladies' shower! The only trouble was that I wasn't prepared for it.

The last day was much colder. I was in the bow, almost at the lookout, when we first sighted land, several small islands. The waves were not high, but a driving wind whipped the spray off the top and drove it like hail. By the rail I could not stand before it long. I had to lean forward to stand against it at all, and then the spray drove into my eyes. The deck was wet and slippery, but it was glorious.

Fishing boats, sailing vessels and steamers were all around us when we passed Land's End. After lunch, coming into Plymouth Harbour, herring gulls surrounded the ship quickly to catch the remains of the food thrown from the galley.

It was a drizzly day, raining off and on—a taste of English climate—but dark days always

bring out the colour of things well. The high coast was covered with trees down to the water's edge, a soft green in the mist.

While Amos and I were watching the sailor cast the lead, a small boy came up to ask if he was fishing!

A tour-guide was pointing out the place from which the *Mayflower* sailed, and Lady Astor's house.

A bright blue sail-boat with a white mainsail and two brown-red jibsails passed us against a background of vivid green cliffs.

Just before we left the ship we had received a Marconigram reading, "Meeting steamer, Spelman." So friends met us on the wharf.

A story book Englishman—the kind with whiskers and a rusty derby that you see on tops of coaches in old prints—took immediate charge of us. The official whom he had quickly procured said, "Have you anything to declare?"

"We have a pair of field-glasses and—"

"All right," and he marked everything!

Everything seemed so different! Driving on the left-hand side of the road gave us the shivers at first.

The towns we passed were strange, perhaps because the buildings are of stone and there are no "A. and P's" on every corner. There are gardens everywhere. No matter how small or

poor the house, it always has a beautifully kept garden. Some are tiny borders with a few plants, and other lawns are so full of flowers that the best description would be "flower beds with borders of grass."

The narrow country roads are all bordered with hedgerows, several feet high. They are usually a stone-wall banked with earth, with a hedge on top and grass and flowers on the sides. Campion, valerian, roses, clover, buttercups and daisies seem to grow out of the wall.

Parnham House, where we spent our first night, is a Tudor Mansion, battlemented, turreted, covered with roses and ivy, with yew trees and peacocks in the old-fashioned gardens.

London was familiar, for we had been there three years before. As we went through the streets in a taxi, we kept calling to each other.

"Do you remember the Houses of Parliament?"

"Look at Westminster Abbey!"

"There's Buckingham Palace!"

The guards were changing, so we stopped a minute. One of them near us had red on the end of his bayonet which looked startlingly real, so we all speculated on the reason.

"He's just pushed back a small boy who came too close," said Mother to Bobby and Amos. We

decided that was the cause, and warned the boys to stay back.

"There's the War Memorial."

"Kensington Gardens over there!"

Meeting the Girl Guides was thrilling, as that was our express mission in England. We would have gone straight to Ireland, but we had been given letters at home to all the Guide Authorities in London.

The Guide Headquarters are now in the Boy Scout Building, because they grew too big for their former quarters. A new building was being started when we were in London.

Everyone knew all about us, as Leaders in America had written ahead. Miss Hill, Head of the Overseas Committee, was very cordial and planned our stay in London. She had her assistant take us around the Girl Guide shops, one with uniforms and equipment, and another with camping supplies.

In the Registration Secretaries' Office we were told the number of Guides registered last spring. In Great Britain and Ireland there are about three times as many registered as there are in the United States. There are only a few thousand in Ireland, for the movement is still young there.

One Guider in charge of the posters for the Headquarters drive showed us the ones they send

to Rallies. Interest was very high and the troops were raising money.

America has not been asked for help, though there have been some unsolicited contributions. I told Miss Hill that posters should be sent to our Headquarters so we could have a chance to help. "We did not help you with your new building," she said, "and so do not like to ask you to help us with ours." They didn't know about ours, but I think they should give us a chance to help them anyway. The drive won't be over until the end of 1930.

We were invited by Lady Solomon to a party she was giving in her home in Hampton Court Palace for South African Guiders.

We were taken first on a tour of the Palace and then returned to Lady Solomon's lodgings for tea.

I had a chance to talk with Lady Baden-Powell, the Chief Guide, who is very charming. As we were conversing, one of the Guiders I had met before, came up and said to Lady Baden-Powell, "This girl has two perfectly sweet brothers over there. You must come and talk to them."

Bob and Amos were on the edge of the party, as we had been told to bring them along. Everybody talked with them from Lady Baden-Powell and Lady Solomon down to two Brownies.

They all admired my new Scout uniform and spoke of it. Many of them had not seen it before.

A South African Guide who was there was to go to a Guide meeting with me that evening. Miss Hill wanted us to get out in the garden for a while before we left, but we were still talking with other people. Miss Hill came up and told us to "go make pretty curtseys." Just as we had finished saying goodbye to everyone, Miss Hill said to Elaine, "If you don't go, I'll spank you," and Miss Mills said to me, "If you don't go, we'll have you shot at daybreak." We went.

The Guide Meeting was just about the same as our meetings at home, except that the Court of Honour was held first. It was interesting, especially as it was in a foreign country.

I later went to a Brownie Meeting. The Brownie Organization is much stronger in Great Britain than it is at home. It has grown lately very much, so perhaps when our Scout Movement is older, we shall have as many Brownies. The children in this pack took me right into their games as "a Scout from America." We played singing games for a while. They went to their corners and then came to the centre for inspection, and then played more games.

I was to join Mother, Bob, and Amos in Kensington Gardens. As my taxi drew up at the curb, a ragged, very dirty, grubby, small boy

opened the door for me. I gave him a penny, and another smaller, just as ragged boy came running up. The taxi driver leaned over and gave this one a penny out of the tip I had just given him.

The Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens is one of the most beautiful things in London—light and graceful, Peter playing his pipes on top, his mother climbing towards him, fairies, mice in little holes and corners, birds, squirrels, and rabbits around the stump on which he stands.

At the hotel in London, Mother had asked the little typist downstairs if she would type the first few pages of my manuscript, as I had not made a carbon copy of them and we wanted one. I had my uniform on when she came up to get the manuscript. She noticed that, and I noticed the Guide pin in her dress, so we saluted. The next day she brought the copy up before I was awake. (It was the early hour of ten A.M.!) Mother told me afterwards what had happened.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Mother.

"That's all right," the typist replied, and tried to slip out the door.

"Oh, no, I want to give you something for it," protested Mother.

"She's a Guide, so I can't take anything from her," was the reply.

I left a little present for her before we went

THE FAIRY-STORY CASTLE OF LISMORE

ST. MARYLEBONE PUBLIC LIBRARY

BANTRY HOUSE, THE HOME OF MRS. LEIGH-WHITE, A HIGH OFFICIAL OF THE IRISH GIRL GUIDES

the next morning, and soon received a friendly letter full of good wishes for my writing.

One day on the train coming in from outside London, a lady opposite us in our compartment asked me what kind of a Guide Uniform I had on. I told her it was an American Scout Uniform, and we started discussing Guiding and Scouting. We learned that she is a Mrs. Ralph Pearson who had helped start the Guide Movement in India. She left India five years ago, but had apparently done wonderful work while she was there. There were institutions started for the girls who are married between three and four years of age and are not infrequently left widows before they are ten. Once they are widows, they are outcasts, servants in the family, which is often glad to get rid of them, and they can never marry again. There are several million of these girl widows in the country. These institutions for them are run entirely on Guide lines. There are also organizations for the women "in Purdah." Women over fifteen are not allowed to show their faces to any men but their husbands. This is called Purdah. The organizations give them a chance for companionship and learning.

The Guide work is very necessary with conditions as they are, though the surface is only scratched at present, but it is growing fast. It

may some day help to teach the women of India to attain their proper position.

On the train from London to Holyhead, Wales, we decided to have a basket lunch. We had eaten in an English dining car a few days before, and we always want to try everything. The baskets have lunches all put up with plates and everything all served ready to eat. Mother called to a porter at a station, "Can you get us some basket lunches?"

"There's a dining car on the train," he answered.

"Oh, I know that," responded Mother gaily, "We've been in there." She meant that we'd been in there a few days before, but the astonished porter must have thought we had large appetites.

It was funny managing them when they came. Mother and Amos got theirs at one station, and Bob and I ours at the next. Even when only two of us were eating, it was funny, because there were nine people with luggage in a compartment meant for eight, and the baskets were as big as clothes baskets.

We just passed through Wales, going along the coast. Once, ahead of us, we saw a rugged headland, and we were all ready to admire the rocks and ocean as we rounded it, when bang! we were in a tunnel!

"Oh, we're coming to a beautiful mountain river," exclaimed Mother. We all craned our necks; pouf! we were in a tunnel. Tunnels are built in such awkward places!

CHAPTER III

IRELAND AT LAST AND OUR FIRST PICNIC

THE coast of Ireland was a glorious sight from the little steamer, though from afar it did not look much like the "Emerald Isle," for the day was cloudy. As we steamed nearer, we could see patches of sun on the misty Wicklow Hills. Peninsulas and islands stretched out towards us.

A jolly old tar was putting up a flag in the bow.

"What's that flag?" asked Bob and Amos at once.

"That's the pilot flag," rejoined the sailor.

"Pirate flags aren't red," said Amos, seeing some red sticking out of the folded flag, and thinking the sailor had said that to tease him.

"*Pirate* flag! Where do you come from, anyway?" was the astonished question.

The landing was made almost before we knew we were near Kingstown, in Irish Dun Laoghaire (Dun Leary). As Bob explained it, "We

whizzed up to the dock and jammed on all the brakes."

"There's a jaunting car," we three cried simultaneously to Mother, who had said we would take a taxi straight from the Dublin Station to the hotel, but she melted when she saw the jaunting car and acquiesced to our pleas.

This was the real beginning; the London visit had been only a side trip. We began right. That jaunting car was an Adventure. Irish "side cars" are famous. They are perched on top of two wheels up in the air about as high as the top of the Woolworth building. There is a seat for two people on each side, and you sit back towards each other, with the driver in between.

The horse was lively. He trotted briskly all the way. I felt secure, but Mother felt as though she were going to fall off. The wheels acted as if they were octagonal, for they jerked when the horse trotted, and he trotted all the time. The whole conveyance seemed most precarious—the more so because we were perched so far up.

The thing that impressed Mother most was the fact that nobody noticed us. Once in a while someone who looked like an Englishman would seem sort of startled when we came into his range of vision, and one man wearing a monocle looked decidedly and exceedingly surprised when he saw us, but Mother expected the whole population of

ST. MARY'S
34592

Dublin to turn and stare. That was the way it made you feel the first time.

We stopped at the Irish Tourist Association to get our mail. When Mother came back, I told her that she had descended very agilely.

"No one could help getting off one of these things agilely," she replied.

Bobbie and I went out to walk in St. Stephen's Green for a while after dinner. It is a beautiful park in the centre of Dublin, with a big pond covered with ducks and swans, and surrounded by trees hanging low over the water; round plots with bright flowers, fountains, and a statue in the middle.

I looked out of our window at eleven at the sunset and the colours were still in the sky! It was not yet twilight.

The next day we went swimming outside Dublin. It started to rain just as we went into the bathhouses, and the whole sky was overcast with heavy clouds. It was colder than Long Island Sound on April 4th, which was the date of my first swim this year.

In the afternoon Miss Poë, County Dublin Guide Commissioner, came to see us with her arms full of roses for our room, and made plans for me to visit a Company. The Company I was to visit had formerly been Miss Poë's own. The meeting was at 7:30.

I was playing tennis in the afternoon with Brigid O'Brien, to whose mother Mr. Padraic Colum had given us a letter. The boys we were to play with were very nice, two of them Dutch and the other two very Irish. After playing a set we went inside for tea.

We spent most of tea-time telling the fierce properties of our respective countries. I told them of the buffalo stampedes down the streets of New York and of how the lamp posts had little steps up them so you could dodge the buffaloes.

"I've heard of fire-escapes, but never of buffalo-escapes," said someone.

"And you're always in danger of being scalped by a Red Indian," I went on.

"That's why the Americans all shave their heads and wear wigs."

"Of course there are massacres about every other night, but they're so common that they don't even get in the paper any more," was my next cheerful remark.

"Oh, I'm going to America," said everyone at once. "Come on, let's go." They all rose and started out of the room.

"Oh, wait till I finish my tea."

That was an idea. They all came back to finish their tea before they left for America.

"Well, here we have wild sheep stampedes down O'Connell Street" (That is the main street

of Dublin). "And when we get fighting—you know we Irish are great on fighting."

"In Holland we tie people by the feet and drag them through the canals," remarked one of the Dutch boys.

Such patriotism—each extolling the "virtues" of his country!

We went out after tea and played two more sets. I finally looked at someone's watch, thinking it was about 6:30. It was 7:30. Brigid had to go too, so she called a taxi for me. I rushed back to the hotel, put on my uniform, had some dinner, and ran for the tram-car. I didn't arrive at the meeting until almost 9:00 and it was over at 9:45, but I talked to the Captain for a while after it was finished, so I was glad I went late rather than not at all. All I saw of the meeting was a game of Captain-ball and an English folk-dance, "Gathering Peasecods." The Guides have *ten* folk-dances on their First Class Test.

A friend of Miss Poë's was going to take us around the city. She took my suggestion that we hire a jaunting-car. It wasn't nearly as insecure the second time. We jaunted to the National Museum and saw copies of Celtic crosses and the exhibitions of Irish industries. Then we went on to Dublin Castle, which is now a court-house.

In the throne-room an accident case was on. All the barristers wore wigs—grey ones with

curls up the sides and little pigtails in back, just like the ones in "Alice in Wonderland." All the former rooms of state of this palace, which used to be the home of the viceroy, are court rooms now, for the real court-house building was blown up during the "Crossness." Even the Chapel Royal, a lovely little Gothic building, has two courts and numerous offices.

Miss Poë asked Miss Shaw, a friend of hers, to come on a trip with us with her car, as Miss Poë's Baby Austin was too small to hold us all. Mother and Amos rode in the Baby, and Bob and I went in Miss Shaw's car. The Baby Austin was ahead almost all the way, and Amos would lean out over the back, take out his field-glass, and pretend to sweep the horizon to see where we were, though we were only a few yards behind him. Then he would wave pityingly, sorry for our slowness.

We went up into the beautiful Wicklow Hills. County Wicklow is right beside County Dublin and one chain of hills runs through them both. The higher hills in Wicklow are known as the "Wicklow Hills," and the lower ones in Dublin as the "Dublin Mountains." We passed the little village of Stepaside and started climbing up into the hills. The Baby Austins are wonderful climbers, and Miss Shaw told me this story of one:

A man in a Baby was going up a very steep hill when he saw a powerful, heavy car which had stalled. The driver was having a hard time getting it started.

"May I tow you to the top?" asked the driver of the small car.

"I don't think you can do much in that car, but you may try."

The little Austin hitched up, and pulled the car to the top very easily.

"No wonder I couldn't get my car started," said the other driver suddenly, "my brakes were on all the time!"

The sides of a sharp cut in one hill, the Scalp, are covered with the only rocks very near Dublin. Our road ran almost to the top of Big Sugarloaf. This mountain is the biggest in the range.

We stopped for lunch high up in the hills, where flocks of sheep ran along the road above us while we ate. All around us were the gorse plants which you always read about as being what a person in a book pitches another person into—at least I always have. From the feel of the bush, I don't think it would be much fun to come flying through the air into it as Bob did. Bob collected about a barrel of thorns in him. He somehow started falling face first into a large bush so he put out his hands to stop himself, collecting half the thorns in the process. While

getting up, his foot caught in his coat, so he fell in exactly the same way again, this time succeeding in gathering the other half of the thorns on the bush. The gorse is a sheet of gold while in bloom. After his adventure Bob didn't care much for its looks, but kept clear of it as much as he could.

The foxgloves were magnificent, growing wild everywhere. They are a deep pink and grow much larger than most in gardens. From the place where we ate, we had a view of all the hills and valleys we had passed. Lord Powerscourt's beautiful house, with terraces and gardens, lay right below us. We passed horses, cows, sheep, and goats, grazing loose along the side of the road, far from any house. When I commented on this Miss Shaw said, "Yes, its rather awkward when driving along at night to find a donkey asleep across the road."

A plateau was covered with heather which was just beginning to come out, and a few broom bushes were still in bloom. These are in Latin *planta genista,* and the Plantagenets received their name because the first king of that name wore a piece of the yellow broom in his helmet. We passed little whitewashed cottages, and so on up to Glendalough. As Thomas Moore describes the lake:

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep."

All the valley of Glendalough is consecrated ground, and in it are ruins of seven churches. Three of them are near the upper lake. One of the churches there is just an outline of stone, with a small stone cross at one end. The other is a ruin. One wall is all there, one is a bit broken down, and there is no roof.

A boatman took us across the lake to St. Kevin's bed. The lake is a heavenly spot. The cliffs come straight down to the water's edge, and then keep on going. It is supposed to be one hundred and fourteen feet deep right off the shore. On one side the cliffs are wooded, and the other side is a grassy pasture for sheep and goats. The boatman told us some lovely yarns about the lake.

"See that white rock over there? The fair Kathleen sits there every night at ten o'clock"—Does she go by daylight time?—we wondered "—and combs her hair. She's had it bobbed and shingled to keep up to date. And them things on that hill—" there were some white rocks scattered around—"they're all lump sugar, every one of them."

"A man was drowned in this lake a while ago, and he kept straight on and came out on the other side of the world. No woman can drown in the lake, because of the fair Kathleen."

He held the boat at a little rocky beach about a foot wide and *very* slippery. We all climbed out and started for the good saint's bed. Two guides were there to help up pilgrims to the chair and bed. They really managed wonderfully, telling us just where to put each foot and hand. As Amos wrote: "They seemed to stand on the air around, while they held you on." There was barely room for one person to get up, but the guide stood outside the person he was helping. The places for hands were worn smooth into little grips. At the top, by the bed, you have to sit down, put your feet over a ledge in front of the cave, and *lean back* over a sheer drop into the lake. Then a guide holds you, and you slip gently into the cave. When all of us except Miss Shaw had entered, we were rather crowded, it being big enough for only one person's bed. As we sat there the guide told us the past, present, and future of the cave.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is St. Kevin's bed. The good saint slept here every night for a hundred years, doing penance for his sins, and for the good of the world. The fair Kathleen

followed him here when he was in hiding, but he didn't shove her off, she fell!"

"I should think she might," said Mother.

"He drove her away with nettles, and she promised to lead a holy life."

"Then he didn't kill her?" we asked. In Sir Thomas Moore's poem, St. Kevin killed Kathleen."

"Bedad, he couldn't be a saint an' him a murtherer," remarked the other guide sagely.

"Now, while you're in the bed you must make three wishes, an' if you keep them to yerself, they'll be sure to come thrue."

A little way down from the bed is St. Kevin's chair. Here the saint read and prayed every night before retiring to his rocky bed. If you sit in this chair, which is not very comfortable, you will never have back-ache, or tooth-ache. (More Irish blarney. My back ached later when I was writing at 11:00 P.M.)

The third church is on the shore near here. As I stepped out of the boat on the other side of the lake, the boatman said to me, "Well, Miss, if ye keeps yer wishes to yerself, ye'll have a husband in six weeks." We all laughed, and Mother said that applied to her, as Dad would be joining us before that time.

We drove to the other lake—Glendalough meaning "Glen of Two Lakes." The other four churches are here. St. Kevin's Kitchen—why

it is so called I know not—is the best preserved, being almost intact, roof and all. The largest of the seven has lost its roof, and parts of the sides. The arches of ruined churches always seem so much more beautiful than those of new ones.

There is also a Round Tower here. No one knows who built these towers but they are in all Celtic countries. There are two hundred in Ireland, built in the ninth and tenth centuries. They are connected with the oldest legends of the place where they are, and are mentioned in all its stories. Usually about ninety feet high, if intact, they are gracefully and strongly built.

The door is generally about fifteen feet above the ground, for safety. The ladder which is put there for enterprising people only reaches about two-thirds of the way up. You reach the top of the ladder, hang on to the door-sill, which is fully a yard thick, step on the side pieces of the ladder, squirm up as far as you can, put your elbows on the door-sill, wiggle around and pull yourself up by the elbows. Quite an adventure.

All you see inside is the ground below and the watch windows above. The platforms that may once have existed have broken away.

No one knows the exact purpose for which these towers were built, though the most common supposition is that they were for protection against the Danes.

We drove back to the house of Miss Shaw's mother, Lady Shaw. The same family has owned the place for over two hundred years. The house is big and full of wonderful pictures and other treasures, but, to me, the garden was the chief attraction. There are flowers from all over the world and several hot-houses with grape-vines under the roofs, and plum and fig trees trained against the walls; also a cool fernery in a hot-house, with robin redbreasts (so different from our robins) and wrens nesting in the vines. It seems strange to see palm trees growing outside, since Ireland is farther north than New York, but they do grow all over Ireland.

There were many kinds of roses in this garden, one a very old and rare red and white striped bush rose, called "The Rose of Lancaster and York," because the Lancastrians had a red rose as a badge, and the Yorkists a white, in the Wars of the Roses. There were wild fuchsia bushes, and a yellow lupine, which were interesting to us, for we had seen foxgloves, fuchsia, and yellow lupine wild in the far south of Chile, but not again until we reached Ireland. You would think the climates would be very different, but I suppose it is the plentiful rainfall in each place, though so far we do not think the Irish climate is nearly as rainy as it is said to be.

CHAPTER IV

THE FUN GETS GOING

WE had discussed many plans for conveying ourselves around Ireland—'bus and walking, donkey cart, jaunting-car, bicycles and automobiles. The bicycles came the nearest to being true, until we discovered that we had over seven hundred miles to cover on our first lap.

Then some one recommended an old French car as though it were fit to win the motor races being held the next day.

When Mother tried it out, she thought more of driving on the left than she did of the car. Because the mechanic had been specially recommended, and because of the make, we found ourselves the proud owners of "Trossie," which was our nickname for Atrocity.

Anyway, the dealer took it back, and we decided that travelling in Ireland by 'bus would be great fun. We laughed about Trossie all summer, though.

We had gone as far as Bray in the car, and,

while Mother went back to Dublin to return it, we three started to climb a lovely headland that was at the end of the town. It looked very small. It wasn't. It was steep, with not much of a path the way we went up; the day was hot, and we had on heavy clothes. We almost melted. The path—such as it was—was bordered with gorse, and just-opening heather, which covered the fields with purple. Near the top was a stretch of steep rock. When we reached the summit, the view was worth seeing. Below us stretched the town along the water, overhung with a misty cloud, and the water itself a marvellous blue in the brilliant sunshine—almost a peacock blue. The gulls flew over the sea, and the rooks cawed above us. We went down a few feet into a bed of bracken.

There was a sort of cave there, made just of a few rocks balancing on each other, so that if one was moved, the whole thing would topple down. We thought it was natural, but later Mother told Lady Shaw about it, and she found out for us that it may be "an ancient and neglected Cromlech." Wise people are discussing it now.

We buried ourselves in the bracken, which grows waist high, and settled for a rest. The boys hopped up in a minute and went off to explore.

It was comfortable there in the shade of the

green ferns, and I just lay, without thinking much, like the man who sometimes sat and thought and sometimes just sat. We started down another way, which looked shorter. It was also much steeper, and covered with gorse and blackberry vines. Roughly speaking, and according to personal experience, I would say that gorse has an average of about a hundred stiff thorns to the inch. There may be more. The hillside was also covered with rocks. Wading down a steep hill, waist-deep in bracken that hides any rocks and holes you can stumble over, is a job. When we left the bracken, the gorse was knee-deep, and I had bare legs. We finally reached the bottom, almost intact.

Bray is a lovely little town, a Dublin seaside resort, so of course we went swimming. We always go swimming if there is the smallest chance.

Irish bathhouses, or boxes as they are called, are certainly wanting, but they only cost eight cents a swim. The first one I went into, at Dublin, had a hole almost a foot square in the door. I hung my clothes on the hook above the door. As I started to dress, an old woman who was more or less in charge, came along, shoved my clothes aside, stuck her head in, and said, "Are you dressing, Miss?" The boxes at Bray had no locks of any sort. Well, if they don't mind, why should we? "When in Rome . . ."

Someone had told us that it was very hard in the hotels to find out about the 'buses. Truer words were never spoken. The young lady who ran the hotel called up the 'bus station, and asked when the 'bus left Bray for Arklow. Six-fifteen, we were told. The Boots was bringing our luggage across the street to take the local 'bus to the place where the Arklow one stopped.

"I asked the guard on this other 'bus, and he said it left about 6:50," said the Boots.

"Well, we had better get to the place; we don't mind waiting," answered Mother.

When we reached the fountain by the old town hall, it was about 6:20, but we discovered that the 'bus had not yet gone. A man sitting on the steps of the fountain thought it would go about 7:30, and a shop proprietor, whom I asked just for curiosity, said seven-fifteen. Some one else announced that we wouldn't get a 'bus for Arklow until ten of ten. After two Wicklow 'buses had passed, a Wexford one came by. Some little girls at the fountain said that went to Arklow, but the man said it didn't. We signalled it, anyway, to ask the driver, but the old thing wouldn't stop. Then we found out from the map that Arklow was on the way toward Wexford, so there we sat, our luggage draped gracefully around an old fountain, with no prospect of an-

other 'bus until 6:15, or 6:50, or 7:20, or 7:30, or 9:50 the next night.

A nice man on a motorcycle stopped to talk to the boys, an ex-Scout Master, so he helped us plan how to get to Arklow. We took the next 'bus to Wicklow, after having waited an hour and a quarter at the fountain, and hired a car to take us the few remaining miles to Arklow.

When we had gone a little way, the man on the motorcycle overtook us. Stopping at the 'bus window, he said to Bob: "I'm going to Wicklow. Want to come along?" "You bet your life. Just a minute."

Mother let him go, so he jumped out jubilantly, hopped on the rear seat of the motorcycle and had disappeared over the crest of the hill before we knew he had gone.

Our ride was quite exciting. A lady got on with a Pomeranian. Amos was patting the dog, and everything was serene, when suddenly the animal gave a loud yipe. Everyone in the car looked startled and interested. Soon after a country woman with no front teeth, a sweet smile, and a basket of hens came into the seat back of me. The three hens were going to town to be killed, and they were cackling discontentedly in their crowded quarters.

We picked up Bob at Wicklow and Captain

Birch (he was an ex-army captain, too,) escorted us out of town on his cycle.

We had a very important mission at Gorey, just beyond Arklow. Our great-great-grandmother was born there, and our great-great-grandfather was born near by in Kilbride, and they were married in Gorey, so we wanted to look up the records.

We went to the parish priest, but he said that that church had only been the parish church since 1845, and all the old records were at Kilenerin, about four miles away, which had formerly been the parish church. Kilbride means Church of St. Brigid (Kill=Church and Bride=Brigid) and Kilenerin means Well of Erin (Kilen=well).

We had a jaunting car to take us to Kilenerin. The drive was cool on the hot day through woody roads, and we were quite comfortable. We were past-masters of the art of jaunting by this time, and were living in the hopes of seeing Dad ride on a car for the first time.

We passed the house of Sir Henry Esmond, once a brilliant member of Parliament. It was burned down in the troubles of a few years ago. The estate now is wild and uncared for, with lakes and deep forest.

Father Codd, the parish priest, didn't seem very cordial at first, when he found that we wanted to look up records. He had one book

down, and started to turn the pages. He asked why we wanted to know, and when he discovered it wasn't for anything legal, he was rather annoyed.

"Faith, I wouldn't be spending my time looking up things just for your curiosity." Mother explained our wanting to look up our ancestors.

"Not interested."

"Are you interested in the Girl Guides? I have a letter from them."

"No, I'm not interested."

So far as we could discover, he wasn't interested in anything, and when he left the room to get another book of records, I asked Mother if we couldn't leave. She knew better, though. He came back with another book, the earliest he had, and showed us that it began with 1824, but our great-great-grandparents were married long before that, so that didn't help.

We started talking about different things, but I still didn't like him much. He didn't seem to be interested in anything, except Human Nature. That, he said, was what he studied. He certainly studied us. He asked us rather scornfully why we travelled, whether we couldn't see things just as good at home. We told him why we did travel, and how much we got out of it. He didn't say anything then, but when we were leaving, he said, "Oh, yes, travelling is the greatest

education in the world." He remarked first that he read as much as anyone in Ireland, or in the United States, for that matter. Later when we were talking about reading, he asked us what the good of it was, that he never opened a book. On every subject we mentioned, he took the opposite side, just to get our views and attitudes. He teased us about some subjects, to draw us out, and we discussed many things "from cabbages to kings." By the time we left, we were fascinated and captivated by him. We didn't mind not finding the records because of the pleasant hour we had spent.

We drove back to Gorey along another road. Every time we came to a hill, or other place where the horse had to go slowly, we would hop off and tag along beside the cart, and then run when he started to trot.

We bought buns and chocolate in the little village, and stopped at a farm-house for a drink of milk. All the houses are full of lovely old china. This one had some beautiful lustre pitchers in the cupboard. Sometimes the people do not realise how wonderful they are. An antique hunter would have a marvellous time in some of those kitchens.

We arrived at the station with an hour to spare, which is very unusual for us. We usually catch a train on the run.

WE HIKED THROUGH THE GAP OF DUNLOE TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

MOTHER, ALISON, BOB AND AMOS AT KILLARNEY

ST. MARY'S

HE SPOKE NO ENGLISH, BUT HIS FACE WAS HIS FORTUNE

THE COCKLE WOMAN ON THE SANDS OF TRAMORE

We reached Waterford too late for dinner, but we managed to get something to eat. We went across the street after supper at the hotel to get some fruit. The couple who owned the little shop were very sweet, and we started talking. As it turned out later, it was lucky we did make friends.

The next morning we went to Tramore, a little seaside town a few miles out, to see a writer, Mr. Downey, to whom Mr. Padraic Colum had given us a letter. Mr. Downey has written about thirty books, Irish Fairy Tales and Irish stories.

After the call we went to the beach and saw bathing machines for the first time. They are only boxes on wheels down by the water, but still, it was exciting because we had heard about them so much. The one for ladies had a door, but those for the men did not. We had not brought our suits, so Mother and I took pictures while the boys went in. We didn't like the looks of the suits for hire. They looked funny enough on the boys.

An old woman was selling cockles on the strand, another thing we had heard about but had never seen. She also had strings of shells for three pence each. "Will you let me take your picture while my daughter buys a string of shells?" asked Mother. The old woman was very pleased.

At the hotel they told us that there was no three o'clock 'bus for Youghal (Yawl) on Sunday afternoon. There was one at six, but whether it took luggage or not, nobody seemed to know.

We went across the street to our friends in the shop. "What shall we do?" asked Mother, "They tell us there isn't a 'bus to Youghal until six, and we haven't time to stay over another night."

"I'll see if I can find a 'bus time table," said Mr. Corcoran, and he went dashing up the street to the 'bus office. "No luck," he announced, returning a moment later, "I'll try the 'bus stand," and he was off again.

In about a minute he was back again. "A 'bus will wait for you until five minutes past three," he shouted breathlessly.

It was then about three minutes before three. "Good-bye and thank you," we called, rushing across the street. Between us we packed in about thirty seconds and the porter took the bags downstairs.

"Here's a jaunting-car," cried Mr. Corcoran. "I brought it back with me."

We all piled on and dashed down the street to arrive at the 'bus at two minutes after three.

"Oh, my fountain pen!" exclaimed Bob.

"Oh, Bob, where did you leave it?" we asked in dismay.

"On the bed, I s'pose. I was writing there."

The 'busmen were meanwhile getting our luggage on board.

"Two shillings if you get the pen from the hotel and back here before the 'bus goes. It's a black one with his name on it."

Bob yelled suddenly. "Here's the pen," and he pulled it out of his inside pocket.

"Jarvey, we have it," we all cried, and finally we were off.

In Youghal is Sir Walter Raleigh's house. It is privately owned, so we could not go in, but we saw it from the tower of St. Mary's Abbey. There has always been a church on that spot. The oldest part of the present church was made by the Normans—a part of the roof. The architecture was Norman until Queen Elizabeth's time. The inside was made over then, and now all but one or two arches are Gothic. The stained glass was made right in Youghal. There are several stained glass factories in Ireland, not always well known. One man who was building an Irish church in New York didn't get Irish stained glass for it. These windows were lovely.

There were several old tombs of Norman knights, crusaders, and English noblemen and women. One tomb in which the founder of the church, Sir Henry Boyle, was buried, shows the whole family history. The lord is lying down.

His first wife is on one side with a baby in front of her. She died when the baby was born. His second wife is on the other side, and there are ten children in front of her. One of the children is lying down to show that she was dead when her father died. All the others, including the four on top, are standing. His mother, also, was evidently dead when he died, for she is lying down above.

We climbed the eighty-three steps of the Abbey tower. All along the winding staircase were pigeons' nests, and the twigs and things they had brought in had apparently been lying untouched for many years. The birds themselves were cooing around the old bell. At the top of the tower we could look almost into the garden of Sir Walter Raleigh's house. Here was the place where the first tobacco was smoked in Ireland, and the servant, thinking his master was on fire, dumped a pail of water over the astonished knight; here the first potato was planted in Ireland; here Edmund Spenser wrote "The Faerie Queene."

Our afternoon swim was very expensive; it cost us four cents apiece for our bath houses.

We had a car in the afternoon to take us to Lismore Castle. It was a beautiful drive, through woods, and over moors, past picturesque women driving herds of cows and flocks of sheep along

the road, past little thatched cottages, and people in donkey carts. Those donkeys are the sweetest things—they *look* so innocent. Mother took a picture of a little cottage, and just as she finished, an old woman in a shawl came along. We wanted to take her, but she didn't want her picture in a shawl, and she said she had to keep it on for another month, because she had pains in her head.

Lismore Castle is the most beautiful castle I have ever seen or dreamed of. Its turrets and towers, rising above the trees, make it just like the castle that the young knight comes riding out of to seek adventure. It has real fairy-story beauty.

I can't say enough about it and I can't describe it. It will have to be judged by the picture, because I'd rave about it for the rest of my natural existence if I tried to write.

In the garden there is a path of yew trees so old nobody knows when they were planted. The trunks are all knotted and gnarled, and the branches have grown from one tree into another, so that you can't tell which one they originally belonged to.

The Duke of Devonshire owns the demesne now, and lives there when he is in Ireland. Looking at such a castle is enough for me—I would be overpowered to spend a night in it.

The inside of the Castle is disappointing. The old carving has been removed, and walls and ceilings are painted white. The old banquet hall is handsome still. The view from the highest turret is well worth seeing, over the River Blackwater, the "Irish Rhine."

When King James slept here after the Battle of the Boyne, his bed was by a window over a sheer drop of many feet into the river. He was afraid his enemies would push him out the window. Since then it has been called "King James' Window," or "The Coward's Window."

We went to the Trappist Monastery, Mount Melleray, to spend the night, as they have a hostel, and we had been told to go there. Mother and I had to sleep in the ladies' guest house down the hill away from the Monastery, but the boys slept right near the cloisters. They didn't mind at all that we are not Catholics.

Brother Dominic, who received us, was very cordial. He took the boys off, said they'd be perfectly all right alone; they were big enough to take care of themselves, and he would make two good monks out of them. Mother and I wandered around and looked at the mountains, the Knockmealdown Range. That name has nothing to do with hitting some one entirely over; it is Irish and, one man told us, means "Hill of

Honey." Somewhere else we read that it means "Bare Brown Hill."

The next morning Mother and I talked with Brother Dominic until breakfast. He took us upstairs and let us look out of a window onto the cloisters where the Brothers were walking. Of the Trappist Monks, only a few are allowed to speak—the Father Superior, and those who take care of visitors.

We asked Brother Dominic about the monastery. It is ninety-six years old, and when the first monks came there was nothing on the land at all, but they reclaimed it. Every year five or six boys from the college at the monastery enter the novitiate, and two or three of them remain. There is a two-year novitiate, and then three years of temporary vows, so a man has plenty of time to think it over. Stevenson, in his "Travels With a Donkey," gives a good description of his stay at a Trappist Monastery.

Brother Dominic said that our questions were intelligent, but that some of the people who came there asked very queer ones. He gave this as an example, "How often do you have to dig your graves?" He thought that was a great joke.

We didn't see the boys until after breakfast, for the occupants of the men's guest house ate separately. Mother and I went on a walk to-

gether, while they went to church. We saw a stone stile over a stone wall. When a person is making a stile, and puts the stones in cement to hold them, is that "setting the style?" we wondered.

CHAPTER V

CASTLES AND CAVES

THE next day was the only day in Ireland which had dawned rainy since the day we had gone to Glendalough. We had had the most marvellous weather. We had been told that once in a great while there was a cloudless day in Ireland, but that they were very unusual; yet we had had two in succession. Before these days we had wonderful sunshine, heat, and little fleecy white baby-clouds. We think it is all a myth about the rain, to frighten people away.

A car came for us at eight-thirty—at least it was supposed to; it didn't arrive till fifteen minutes later. We drove over the Knockmealdown Mountain Range. We saw more animals running around loose. I should think they'd get mixed up. All the sheep are branded, but still, I'd think they'd go wandering. These sheep cannot live in the lowlands, so they have to be let loose above. There are more baby calves here

than I have ever seen in my life. We also passed a mother-and-baby donkey pair. They were just alike in everything but size. The donkeys are everywhere and are very cunning.

High up in the hills we saw a little mountain lake across a ravine. It looked small, but had never been fathomed, though lines had been sent down to two hundred feet. Brey Lough, as it is called, has a subterranean outlet and is filled by springs, so it seems as though it had no inlet or outlet.

Our driver told us some of the legends of the place.

"Once," he began, "the town of Clogheen (Cloheen) at the fut of that hill there, had no wather supply. The people of the town decided that they wud pipe the Lough. They all set off fur the top of the hill fur to do the piping, bedad. When they reached the Lough, they look back and see Clogheen in flames. They all rush back to save the town, o'coorse, but when they got there it had not been on fire at all, at all."

"Was it a trick of the water spirit to keep them away from the lake?"

"Yes, that was it, a thrick of the sperit."

"Another time, a man who hunted in the hills here, tuk a swim in the lake. He was never seen again. No one will swim there now, or even wash his feet in the lake."

"Would you swim there?" we asked.

"I wud not."

You certainly do see castles pop out of the roadside! We were driving along innocently, and quite harmlessly, when all of a sudden, in the town of Cahir, we all yelled with one accord, "Castle." It sounded like "Thar she blows" on a whaler. There it was—Cahir Castle—standing right by the main street of a village, in a place where it just suddenly hopped into view. It was quite startling. The castle, ivy-covered, could not be compared with Lismore, because you cannot compare a ruined castle with an entire one. Even if Lismore is extremely beautiful, a ruined castle has a distinct charm of its own. We were told by an old man that the inside was well worth seeing, so we went around to the far gate.

Mother went to the gate-house to inquire, while we went over and played with the little brown donkey. I had no idea that a donkey's ears were so stiff. They waggled around all right, when he woggled them, but they were stiff as a post except where they were attached. They were nice and silky, too. The donkey soon tired of our attentions and wandered over to a fence, where he amused himself by winding through—in one section and out the next. Mother said that we would have to go somewhere else to get the

keys, and we didn't have the time to spare. He was a nice donkey, anyway.

We finally arrived at our destination—the Rock of Cashel, in the County of Tipperary. There has always been a castle on this rock. This seems to be the way with things over here—there has always been a church on the site of St. Mary's Abbey; there has always been a castle where the present castle of Lismore now stands; and now Cashel. Of course, since it is pronounced Cash'el, we made poor puns about the Cashle of Cashel.

The guide who took us around was the most intelligent guide I have ever seen. Most guides shut one eye, look in the other direction, point at something, and drone phrases you can't understand about "This is the oldest one of its kind in existence today, being made by" etc., etc., but this guide was interested and interesting. He certainly knew enough about the place he was showing, down to the most insignificant date. Everything is locked up so tourists can't chip off carvings of the tenth century for souvenirs, or write their names on the tombs of the Kings of Munster.

Outside the building is the coronation stone of the Kings of Munster. The High Kings of Ireland were the highest in the land and the Kings of Munster were next in power.

This stone was just a large squarish rock until the time of Christianity. On one side are several circles inside each other, symbolising sun-worship and Paganism. Inside the circle is a cup which has some special Pagan meaning. On another side is a Christian symbol, an endless rope, representing Eternity.

When St. Patrick converted Ireland he attacked his job with wisdom. Having been a slave in Ireland, he knew the people. He knew that if he tried to convert the people, it would do no good, as they did always what their king did. Instead, he went straight to the kings to convert them. When the king became a Christian, his subjects followed suit. St. Patrick could not have done his marvellous work so quickly had he not known the people.

When he was at Cashel trying to convert the King of Munster at the time, the king was puzzled, because he could not see how One could be Three. St. Patrick picked a three-leaved shamrock which was growing there, and said, "Here is one which is three." This overcame the king.

After Christianity, a crucifix was placed on top of the Coronation Stone. This has on one side a statue of St. Patrick in his vestments, and on the other a carving of Christ on the Cross *with clothes on.*

There was originally more castle than church

on the Rock of Cashel, but later a cathedral was built, and now most of the castle has fallen down.

The legend of the origin of the Rock of Cashel is very interesting. The guide points out a hill on the horizon. It goes up smoothly on one side, and then there is a gap in it. This is called the Devil's Bit, and the story is that the Devil took a bite out of the hill, and was flying over to England with it. It grew too heavy for him, though, and he dropped it in Munster. This is now the Rock of Cashel. This hill is supposed to fit to the inch into the Devil's Bit. I remarked that the hill might have worn down during the centuries, but the guide said nothing to that. Maybe the Bit has worn just the same as the rock.

In 1169 Munster was divided into the kingdoms of Thomond and Desmond. King O'Brien gave Cashel to be a cathedral.

The tower is built on an arch just inside the main entrance to the cathedral. Cromwell pulled most of the roof off the cathedral and later a Protestant Bishop pulled it off again after it had been rebuilt. This main part of the cathedral is Norman architecture with a touch of Gothic. Gothic appeared in Ireland very early because Irish Missionaries began to go out in the fifth and sixth centuries and brought back

many foreign ideas by the tenth or eleventh. Ireland, through her learned men, did much towards converting Europe to Christianity and advanced in many things before the rest of the world.

In King Cormac's Chapel there is Byzantine Architecture, with even a suggestion of Moorish, which was brought by the Spaniards who traded with the people in the west and south of the country.

The Sarcophagus of Cormac, the last King of Munster, has another design of the Everlasting Rope. It just begins and ends within itself, so it has really neither beginning nor ending. This signifies Immortality, or Eternity.

The interior of this chapel contains the orignal Irish architecture, before the Norman influence. The carvings on the walls and columns are lines and triangles, never curves or circles. Every pillar and every part of the wall have intricate designs which are never repeated.

Above the chapel is the scriptorium, or writing room. Three monasteries were in this neighbourhood, and the monks made some of their hand-illuminated manuscripts here.

In a little room off the chapel, there is a design over the door of Christianity crushing Paganism. Paganism is represented by a horse, and Christianity is a centaur with a bow and

arrow, about a third the size of the horse. Of course, the centaur is a pagan image, but it was the Greek symbol for Christianity.

In the cathedral there is a pagan god, carved on a slab of rock. He is Sile-na-Gaoit (pronounced Shila-na-Geeit) the Spirit of the Wind. We thought he was rather too fat for a wind spirit, though. He was buried under the tower at the advent of the Christians and dug up again after a long time.

All through the walls of the castle and the cathedral are innumerable stairways. We spent about twenty minutes exploring them, and in all that time we were on different staircases. Some of them are dark and only shoulder wide, and some of them are roomy and light. There are straight ones, and others that spiral up to the tower. The castle is rather scarey up top, as some of the walls have fallen down, and in some places there are only ledges two or three feet wide to walk upon. The walls are from four and a half to twelve feet thick.

One of the tombs belonged to a family named O'Kearney in 448. The same family, now poor farmers, *still* live near Cashel.

The graves of the Protestant and Catholic dignitaries are rather inconsistently mixed up. On one side of an alcove is a Protestant Bishop's grave, and on the other side is the tomb of a

CASHEL OF THE KINGS, IN COUNTY TIPPERARY

AN ANCIENT AND BROKEN CELTIC CROSS STANDS IN THE MARKET PLACE AT KELLS

AT CASHEL THE PAGAN GOD OF THE WINDS IS NOW ON GOOD TERMS WITH ANGELS AND SAINTS

Catholic Potentate. One man, named McGrath, is buried there who was at one time a Catholic Bishop. A while later he became a Protestant Bishop, then a Protestant Archbishop, and he died a Catholic in 1621. I wonder if his convictions changed, or if he changed to be on the safe side, like the man in "The Three Musketeers" who lived in the heat of the Catholic and Huguenot trouble in France. This man, whenever he met a Catholic, felt his Protestant convictions rise within him, and he would up and slay the man, but whenever he saw a Protestant, he would wonder how he ever believed his views to be anything but Catholic, so he would take his sword and kill him. In this way he managed to keep right all the way round, until one day a Catholic and a Protestant went out together to try their luck against him. The poor man could do nothing with two of different faiths, so he was left hanging from a tree. With wise foresight this man had brought his sons up in different religions, so the Catholic son immediately sallied forth and slew the Protestant murderer of his father, and the Huguenot did the same to the other. Maybe Bishop McGrath was keeping on the safe side of his overlord.

There is also a round tower at Cashel, like the one at Glendalough, so you have here almost all stages of civilisation. The Coronation Stone was

very ancient, then came the carved stone Cross at the beginning of Christianity, then the ninth century Round Tower, the early Gothic architecture, as well as the Norman, Byzantine, and Moorish. The monuments date up to modernity, as people are still being buried there. I have never seen so many periods of history in one spot.

The view of the Rock from the town below is a wonderful sight. It stands there proudly, with its towers and turrets—a picture of distant times.

On the way to Cork we stopped at the Caves of Mitchellstown. These caves have only been known about a hundred years. The family that has them now, discovered and owns them. We children had never been in a big cave before. These extend for miles underground and go down four hundred and fifty feet.

As soon as we entered, the guide lighted his torch, and we our candles. Next we climbed down a ladder, and then it began to get exciting. All the rocks were wet and slippery, and the bottom uneven and muddy. The passage was very narrow and low for a way, and then we came out into a big chamber, called the House of Commons. The guide lit a magnesium flare, and the whole chamber was illuminated.

The next chamber was larger, the House of Lords. There were many strange formations—one rock on the ceiling was worn to resemble a

piece of Indian Corn, and several columns are called the Pillars of Hercules. The rocks were all worn in patterns by the dripping of the water. One stalactite looked like a slice of bacon. The guide held his torch behind it, and it was just the right form and colour. It must have belonged to a giant's pig, for it is about eighteen inches wide and two or three feet long.

Our lowest point, three hundred and fifty feet, was reached by more or less sitting down and sliding, and it was muddy. This chamber looked like a Gothic Chapel.

Everything went well, except that Bobbie and Amos took a couple of spills, as might be expected of small boys. They and the guide went off into a little side cave to fill their pockets with baby stalactites, while the driver and I examined Diamond Rock, which sparkled like jewels in the torchlight. A cataract of sandstone came through the ceiling beside it. We could not see it move, but it does move very, very slowly.

Repassing through Cahir we saw the castle again, and also saw another small one. Entering Cork we passed the Castle of Blackrock "on the pleasant waters of the River Lee." This made five in one day.

We next made the pilgrimage that thousands of people make from Cork every year—the trip to Blarney Castle. We left about half past eight,

so we reached the town before the hordes of tourists arrived; in fact, we arrived before the caretaker. We went up the tower by ourselves, a hundred and eight steps, and a climb it was.

"Come up here," said Bob, going for the highest point on the castle. It was the wishing stone, we learned later.

"How would you like to have lived here when you might have an arrow fly into your back at any minute?" asked Mother.

"Oh, that would be grand!" exclaimed the boys.

"If you went out walking in the woods, an enemy might knife you from behind a tree."

"Oh, no," said Bob, "I'd get him first."

"He might get you before you saw him," we said.

"Well, it would be exciting, anyway," said Bob.

Amos pretended to be a sentinel, sweeping the horizon.

It was a good lookout. An enemy could be seen at quite a distance on the fields beneath.

We talked about the "Siege of Don Isle," an Irish story we had just read. Don Isle, according to the author, was the only castle that withstood Cromwell. "Crummle" is quite annoyed with his general when the general announces the castle to be impregnable, because it is owned by a "faymale" and Crummle thinks he can beat any

"rigimint of faymales." He rides off the next day to survey the land. "He takes his telescope out of the tail pocket of his coat." The castle was built on a square lump of solid rock, two hundred feet high.

Lady Catherine, Countess of the castle, "a fine, iligant woman, measurin' about six fut," had a head gunner, Mike Morrissey, who was her chief support. She was a strong teetotaler, but Mike was fond of a drink. He despised the soft drinks which she gave to her servants.

To make a long story short, Crummle attacks the castle with his troops and van (the van had "Oliver Crummle" chalked in big letters on the side, and the flag of truce was kept under the driver's seat), and tries vainly to "offer the castle terms."

Mike takes charge of the defence. He shoots a hole through the van with the one cannon and then forms a bucket brigade from a pot of hot stirabout (a sort of porridge) to the ramparts. When the soldiers rush the castle, the stirabout is poured on their heads, and when that is used up, Mike throws twelve dozen bottles each of soda-water and lemonade, almost cracking Crummle's skull with one.

"Murdher alive," says Crummle, ". . . hot grub first, and cowld dhrink a-top of it—regular American fashion."

Mike beats "the inimy clane" and, when he tells the Countess, asks her for a gallon of malt. She is horrified, but finally seems to relent. The maid goes away and returns with a pitcher which, the disgusted Mike discovers, contains buttermilk. Mike dashes it on the floor, goes and calls to Crummle, who has been holding a flag of truce waiting for terms, and surrenders the castle as soon as Crummle puts a written order in the letter box for all the drink Mike wants. "An' iver since, 'tis known as 'Buttermilk Castle.' "

Blarney Castle was impregnable before the invention of gunpowder, and it looked so from our high perch.

The old way to kiss the famous stone was to go over the top head first and be held by the feet only. This way was abandoned about forty years ago when a man insisted on going over by himself. He fell seventy-five feet into a tree below, and came away with nothing but a broken ankle. The new way looked just as bad to us. Now you go down through a hole in the floor.

When the man came we went right up. Bobbie went first and the poor boy had to pose while we took his picture. Amos went next, and then I essayed the task. It is really simple. You sit down, lean back, take hold of two iron bars, slide along them, and the stone is right there at

the bottom. You could almost do it without having the man hold your legs.

"What beautiful eyes you have, Mother," said Bob as soon as he was on his feet again.

"Why, Alison, how grand you're looking," from Amos.

"Mother, you're young and beautiful."

They kept this up the rest of the morning at frequent intervals.

There are several legends about how the power of the Blarney Stone began. One story is that Lord Clancarthy, the owner of Blarney castle at the time, while imprisoned by Sir George Carew, was asked to surrender his castle to Queen Elizabeth's soldiers. He said he was willing to do so, but he always delayed the proceeding with some good excuse. Queen Elizabeth called this "Blarney talk," but still, though that might connect the castle with "blarney," it does not link up with the exact stone.

Another version is that Cormac McCarthy, a descendant of the Kings of Munster, was walking by the lake one day. He saw an old woman drowning. He fished her out, and she told him to kiss a certain stone in the wall of the keep, and he would be given a golden mouth, with which he could influence anybody.

The third legend is that when Robert the

Bruce and Edward II were fighting, Robert Bruce asked Cormac McCarthy for help. Cormac sent men to fight at Bannockburn, and, as a return, Bruce sent him a piece of the Stone of Scone to be put in the new keep which was being added to the castle.

The first castle on this site was built by Dermot McCarthy, King of South Munster, and was used by him as a hunting post. The next was built in 1200, and the present one in the 15th century.

In the rock on which the castle is built are caves and dungeons which people do not visit much. We started into one of the dungeons. It was pitch black, but every once in a while Amos would light a piece of excelsior that he had found, and we would proceed till it died out. The stairs we tried first were blocked up at the end, so we changed our course. We found that we were in a long string of dungeons, tall enough to stand up in, but very small. They were just hewn out of the solid rock underneath the castle and were without light or air. The doorways between them were not more than three feet high. We made all sorts of conjectures about their being used as a secret passage, coming up into some hall on the other side of the castle. We thought also that it might have been the way by which Lord Broghill took the castle treacherously in 1646. We all determined some day to return and explore the

ON THE SANDS OF SLEA HEAD WE BUILT A DRUID RING, AND THE BOYS ENACTED A HUMAN SACRIFICE

WAVES AND CLIFFS OF KILKEE

passage to its uttermost limits, but someone told us later that it was blocked about fifteen yards from the entrance. Another illusion shattered!

We left Blarney for our return to Cork. The length of the trip back to Cork varies, according to the person you ask. Padraic Colum said to walk the four miles from Cork to Blarney; someone else said five miles; the hotel people and the guide book *agreed* on ten miles; and the 'bus driver announced that it was six and a half.

When we arrived at Bantry we were told that the 'bus for Glengariff did not leave till four-thirty—an hour and a half. We took a walk around the town and then went into a little "pub" for tea. The mistress was very particular about having everything just so. She changed the china three times while she was setting the table, first because it wasn't the right set, and then a couple of times because it didn't match. We only had about fifteen minutes by the time the tea finally came up. A few minutes later she came in and said that she had sent the man down to ask about the 'bus, and it didn't go 'till five. We were rather worried. The man might have asked someone who didn't know anything about it, and it was now twenty-five after four. We didn't know whether to take our time or to hurry.

We finally arrived at twenty-five minutes of five and discovered that it would leave within

five minutes. You never can tell with 'buses! It was lucky we didn't stay at tea any later, for there probably wasn't another 'bus until about ten that night. That is the way with all the 'buses here. In South America you always have to start a journey at about seven A.M., but here the only convenient 'buses usually go at 7 P.M., or later.

CHAPTER VI

GLENGARIFF AND KILLARNEY

THE drive to Glengariff was one of the most beautiful I have ever taken, through lovely moorlands, purpling with opening heather, and by the rugged shores of Bantry Bay. Wild fuchsias swung their red blossoms from the hedges, and the foxgloves rang their bells along the roadside. Along the shore the rugged rocks went right down to the water, their edges covered with yellow-brown seaweed. To our right the mountain rose, rocky and green. A soft rain increased the verdure of the hills. We had the whole 'bus to ourselves, so we felt somewhat like multimillionaires surveying the landscape from our private limousine.

Glengariff, we had been told, was a large place, at least we knew it was a place that everybody visits. We expected to see quite a town on the water. The town consisted of about eighteen houses and shops and three hotels, all on one

street. There are a few more hotels and houses outside the village proper.

The minute we arrived, though it was raining and almost tea-time, we three clamoured to Mother, "Wanna go swimmin'!"

"You don't *really* want to go *now,* do you?" asked Mother. "Why not wait until morning?"

"Wanna go swimmin', *now,*" came a chorus.

"Well, I s'pose so. Your suits are in that bag."

The walk to the water was a little damp and cool, through drizzling rain and swampy ground. There was no beach but a tiny, rocky shore, but when we were finally in, the swim was grand.

On arriving at the street in front of the hotel, we were attacked by a man with "Boatman" writ large across his blue jersey.

"Do you want a boat, Miss?" (They all invariably called both Mother and me "Miss.")

"Not just now, thank you," answered Mother. "We've just arrived."

"D'ye want one tomorrow morning?"

"We haven't made our plans yet. I can't tell," was the response.

"Will ye want one tomorrow afternoon?"

By that time the boatman left us, he had exacted a promise that during our visit, any time we wished to approach the water, we would take his boat.

We did go out the next morning. Our object was to catch mackerel, but we didn't see a one. It was rather choppy, and Glengariff Harbour was grey and wild.

As we were passing one of the islands covered with shaggy seaweed trailing in the water, I remarked, "It needs a haircut."

"Faith, an' it will get one soon," said our boatman. "It is used for the potaytie gardens, an' it's grand intirely that it is."

Ilnacullin, the island of Mrs. Bryce, is the chief attraction of Glengariff. Anyone may go, but we went as guests, because we had a letter to Mrs. Bryce. She was so charming that this was a great and special privilege.

The whole island, which is large enough so you don't feel cramped on it and small enough to walk around easily, is a garden. Everywhere are evergreens, whose branches are tipped with sunlight-gold and silvery green, golden yew clipped in the shapes of peacocks, rhododendron hillsides, azaleas, slopes covered with native gorse and heather. There is a bush of Greek bay with which the victors in contests were crowned, and the Greek myrtle.

The main garden was done in Italian Renaissance style. It is a heavenly spot, with a lily pond full of goldfish in the middle, flagstone paths around it, dwarf trees in pots, flowers,

shrubs and yew hedges. At one end a marble pergola overlooks the rocks to the highest peaks, Slieve Ghoil Mor and Slieve Ghoil Ben.

Around the island are several little platforms with views of island, shore and water.

From the highest point, a spot where was built a Martello Tower when the British thought Napoleon was coming to enlist the aid of the Irish, Bantry Bay and Glengariff Harbour may be seen. The harbour is the loveliest spot in the bay, island-dotted and colourful. Its shores are rocky and rugged, and mountains rise sharply around it. Herons, ducks, puffins, oyster-catchers, cormorants, and many other birds are in all directions, and there are even seals in the water.

The harbour looks very different at high and low tides, for the tidal rise is twenty feet, which makes a difference in the size of the small islands as well as in the form of the coast line.

We went to the boatman's cottage to meet his son, Tim, who was to take Bob, Amos, and me trout fishing. The cottage was the most beautiful we had seen so far, whitewashed and thatched, with a red rambler rose over one side of it.

Mrs. McCarthy said "Yes, my ladyship," to every remark I made. I wondered why, but later she asked, "Aren't you the Duchess of Something's daughter?"

The fishing wasn't much as such. Down where the brook flowed into the bay, Bob caught two crabs (which later escaped) and Amos almost an eel.

The brook was small and rocky, though one pool, we were told, was six fathoms deep. Along its banks grew gorse, heather (several kinds), broom, fuchsia, bluebells, foxgloves, buttercups, orchids, dandelions (different from those at home), and a couple of dozen kinds of flowers whose names I don't know.

It was the loveliest, wildest spot. We all wanted to stay a month instead of travelling on after a few days.

The hotel at which we stayed was about the smallest in Glengariff, also the nicest we had seen since we had left Dublin. One evening when we were eating supper, the hostess came in.

"You make good coffee here," said Mother.

"I ought to make American coffee. I was in America for sixteen years."

"Where?" we all clamoured.

"Oh, New York, Boston, but I spent most of my time in Providence."

Then we did jump, because Mother was born and brought up in Providence and her family lives there now. She and Mrs. Sullivan compared notes immediately. Mrs. Sullivan had

worked for many people Mother knows very well!

We had lunch in a castle! It makes me feel quite grand to say that. Mrs. Leigh-White, who owns the castle, is a Guider and had received a letter about us from London. As soon as she heard that we had arrived, she asked us all to lunch, with true Irish hospitality.

Mrs. Leigh-White's castle is on the lands which were given to a Mr. White in the seventeenth century. When Napoleon's troops came over, the Mr. White of the day had driven the French away by lighting fires along the beach and persuading all the old women to run around in their red petticoats, so the French would think they were redcoats. He made a great fuss on the shore and drove the French away, but one small boat and a French officer and eight of a crew were captured while endeavouring to land for reconnoitring; they were all kept prisoners in Bantry House and eventually were sent to Dublin. The name of the officer was not recorded at the time.

Mr. White received an earldom, that of Bantry, for his deeds. Recently a young Frenchman was at a garden-party where he met Mrs. Leigh-White. He asked her if she was any relation to the man who had captured his great uncle a hun-

dred years before. Not till then was the name of the officer brought to light.

There were four Earls of Bantry, and then came a woman as heir. The law is that a woman may inherit the land, name, crest, and so forth, but may not inherit the title, so the Earldom was no more.

Everyone in the country around loves Mrs. Leigh-White. I was talking to our hotel keeper and a boatman named Mike, and the subject turned to her. Mr. Sullivan said thoughtfully, "Yes, she's a beautiful lady, the most beautiful around here, or the most beautiful in all Ireland, for that matter, I guess."

Mike answered, "Yes, the most beautiful in Ireland."

"And the best," added Mr. Sullivan.

Mrs. Leigh-White does not live in Bantry House all the time now, but partly in the Lodge at Glengariff. Bantry House is open to the public as a museum, because of its wonderful collections.

Richard, the second Lord Bantry, was a great collector. He had agents in every city in Europe to buy for him. He always seemed to know when a revolution was on hand and was always there on the spot to acquire loot. It is said he would buy anything with no questions asked if the article

was conveyed aboard ship, but he never paid for anything until it was on board. Many of the things in the collection were thrown out of windows by marauding revolutionists and were picked up by men who sold them to Lord Bantry practically on the spot.

Mrs. Leigh-White showed us the collection herself after lunch. There is one very beautiful old Gobelin tapestry which Louis XIV had made for Madame de Maintenon. The design for the tapestry was taken from an old cartoon of Raphael's. The tapestry was completed and sent to Madame de Maintenon, but she sent it back to the maker with an order to put some clothes on the nude figures of the women. After the tapestry had been again completed, the figures were swathed in draperies! It was thrown out of the window in the French Revolution and the Royal coat of arms was cut out.

There are things of every sort and description in the castle, for Lord Bantry was apparently desirous of getting anything beautiful: French tapestries, Spanish sideboards, Dutch, French and Spanish furniture, paintings from everywhere, old china, chess sets, brocades, Venetian glass, Russian household shrines, and other things innumerable.

In the dining room are portraits of King George the Third and his Queen which were pre-

sented to one of the Earls of Bantry by the King himself.

Outside there is a sunken garden, and a platform over the harbour which guards the house with its half dozen cannon of the time of Napoleon. All around the grounds are statues of herons with crowns round their necks, the heraldic crest of the family.

We drove on that afternoon to Gougane Barra, the shrine of Saint Finn Barr, or Saint Barry, the Patron Saint of all the south of Ireland. At this place the River Lee begins as a small stream. Unlike St. Kevin, who was a King's son, St. Finn Barr was comparatively poor. He lived in the beginning of the seventh century and wrought many miracles.

The shrine is on a little island in a lake. The present chapel is only two or three centuries old, and there many miracles are wrought upon people who come to pray. The little chapel is half hidden among the trees. In another part are the penance cells—just damp holes in a wall where the Saint and his brother-hermits used to do penance. Outside this are the remains of the old chapel. Only a very low doorway and a stone of the altar are left; all the walls have fallen. The altar is under a verdant holly tree, and it is the custom for pilgrims to leave something here—anything from a safety pin to a gold pencil.

Handkerchiefs and pieces of cloth are tied to the tree, and pennies, medallions, cigarette pictures, pencils, and everything else are on the stone beneath.

The whole island is heavily wooded, though the mainland in this part is rather bare of trees.

The drive back to Glengariff was wonderful. This part of Ireland is so different from Wicklow, "the Garden of Ireland." Wicklow is all smooth and cultivated looking, and the Wicklow Hills are softly rounded, but down here in Cork the mountains are rugged and rocky. Very little land is cultivated and there are few trees on the rough slopes. We passed through the Pass of Keamaneigh, a sharply cut gap in the mountains, with the rocks high above looking as though they would roll down upon us, and went on past waterfalls and grazing animals.

And on to Killarney! That drive was the "beautifulest" yet. The rugged tops of the mountains were covered with purple shadows in lovely patterns as we started on that half-sunny, half-cloudy, thoroughly windy morning. We climbed up and over Bantry Bay into the wildest scenery we had seen. The mountains do not go over two thousand feet, but when you are in them, they give the effect of great height. The colouring on the ridges was like that on the Andes, with

the light and the purple shadows and the roughness giving the feeling of lofty mountains.

We went through the famous tunnel between Cork and Kerry. It was made a hundred and fifty or so years ago and was blasted out with gunpowder. Its length is about a hundred and eighty yards. It is cut out of the solid rock, and the inside feels like a cave, cold and dripping water. We walked through, though it was hard to, so slippery was the muddy floor. From one end the other opening appears just a little way off, but it seems to take ages to walk through.

An old man was cutting stone at the far end, and his donkey was attached to the cart with a piece of string. The old man came four or five miles every day to sit alone all day and break stones with a small hammer, receiving a few shillings for his hard work. The donkey seemed happy, though he would not eat the sugar-lump tendered to him.

We all climbed up the hill over the tunnel. It is grass and heather there, and does not give a hint of the solid rock beneath. There was a widespread view of the mountains behind, but the wind was so strong I could hardly stay to look at it. My coat almost blew away.

We passed millions of waterfalls on our trip down—I never saw so many at once.

At Kenmare we went to the Convent of Poor Clares to see the Mother Superior, whom a friend of ours had told us to see. She showed us the lace that was made in the Convent, the most beautiful Irish lace. They were not making it at present, as vacation had just started and the girls who made it under the direction of the Sisters were away.

There is an ancient Druid Circle just outside the town of Kenmare which is evidently not visited much by tourists. Our driver asked seven people where it was, and no one knew. When he finally did find out, he was told scornfully that it was nothing but "a lot of stones in a field." We went in spite of the informer's opinion, and found that it was worth our while.

The "lot of stones" turned out to be fifteen stones in a perfect circle with one large rock balanced on two others in the center. The large one was probably a sacrificial stone, though no one is very sure about these druidical remains. The stones were big, and one wonders how they were put in place, but it is as with the pyramids of Egypt and the Inca fortifications of Peru. Though we wonder how primitive people without tools or machinery moved such colossal weights, they were surely moved.

At this spot we resolutely decided not to stop again until we reached Killarney. Our first view

of the lakes was from high above, and we saw a string of them set in the hills below us. They were hidden from view as we passed into the woods. There are enough waterfalls in this part of the country to furnish the water supply of Europe, if waterfalls were used for that purpose. At one place the driver told us there was a specially fine one, so we stopped. Of course, we had to buy tickets. We had heard that in Killarney, the great tourist centre, there are gates and admittance fees everywhere you turn.

We walked up the path beside the rushing stream for a little way before we reached the cascade, the Torc Waterfall. The water is sort of yellowish in places when it breaks on the rocks, though most of the spray is white. I noticed this again while taking a bath. It is made yellow by passing through peat bogs and is especially noticeable after heavy rains.

There was a path up beside the waterfall which we presumed led to the top. We started to walk up. We kept on walking. The forest was cool and fresh and damp after the slight rains we had had off and on that day. The larch trees were light and graceful, with their supple, straight, slim stems, branchless for many feet up, and their feathery foliage. There were many of these on the hillside. After we had climbed and climbed and climbed up the steep mountain side,

we decided that it did not go to the top of the falls, (though we learned later that it does), so we whistled to Bob and Amos, who were way ahead. It took only a few minutes to go down what had taken us ages to climb, though we did stop every other moment to eat blueberries.

From the place where we had stopped on the way up, we saw the river below, the hills and the river valley, all heavily wooded, and the lakes beyond. Mother did not like it as well as Glengariff, though I do not think it can be compared. The types of scenery are so different; the rocky, rugged, rough and unrestricted sweep of the treeless regions of the Glengariff Range are so unlike the softly wooded hillsides of waterfall-dotted Killarney. There are trees in Glengariff near the water, but not on the hills.

After dinner we wandered down to the ruins of beautiful Muckross Abbey. The ivy-covered ruins were lovely in the just gathering twilight. It is an example of simplified Gothic architecture, with carved windows giving the effect of lace instead of solid stone. The cloisters are almost the most beautiful I have seen. An immense yew tree, hundreds of years old, grows in the middle of the cloisters and makes them rather dark. The foliage is so dense it almost makes a roof for the open court in the centre. This tree is said

"WELCOME YANKEES!" SAID THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE

GROVES NOW MARK THE CASTLE-SITES WHERE KINGS ONCE RULED

THE ANCIENT ORATORY OF GALLERUS, WHERE ST. PATRICK MAY HAVE WORSHIPPED

to be the oldest yew in the world. It was planted when the Abbey was made, as was the custom then. The people round about believe that a miraculous statue of the Virgin Mary is buried beneath this tree. Anyone who cuts the tree will find that it bleeds, and the person will die within the year. Everyone knows that cutting the dead branches off would improve the tree, but no one would do it until recently, when the branches *were* safely removed and no strange things happened.

Other people say that the tree was planted over the grave of a Brother who left the monastery for a hundred years and then came back to die. A soldier was supposed to have cut a small limb of the tree once, though he was warned by an old hermit not to touch it. The limb bled, and the man dropped dead.

In the Kitchen was the abode of the hermit, John Drake, who had warned the soldier not to touch the tree. He dressed his part, though this was in the eighteenth century, and slept in a coffin in the kitchen. Nobody knew where he had come from or what he had done, though it was suspected that he had committed a great crime in his youth which shadowed his life. After living at the Abbey for eleven years, he disappeared suddenly and never was heard of again. Ten

years later a foreign lady came, wept and prayed when she found he was not there, gave alms to his friends, and also disappeared.

The Abbey was built in 1340 and was suppressed two centuries later. It was soon renovated and then restored, but was finally destroyed by Cromwell in 1652.

We left the Abbey and wandered through the ivy-floored parks to the lakeside. Whenever we are going to a town we have not seen before, all three of us always exclaim at the same moment, "Oh, is it on the water? Wanna go swimming!" Mother has reached the point where she says, "No. It is a thousand miles inland, and they can't get even drinking water." Anyway, Muckross *is* on the water, so we went swimming in a Lake of Killarney.

CHAPTER VII

WHERE PEOPLE SPEAK IRISH ONLY

WE had decided to go out the Dingle Peninsula, where comparatively few tourists go, because everything there is more primitive than in other parts of the country. We had lunch in the town of Killarney and then rushed for the train. We started off on a fast walk, asking everyone we met the way to the station. They all said it was just around the corner, so we practically ran for ten minutes. It was about train time when we finally reached the station, and our luggage had not arrived from the hotel. Mother asked a guard about it hurriedly, and was startled to have him say, "Oh, you have plenty of time yet, Miss." (They were always taking Mother and me for sisters.) The person who had given us the time had copied it wrong; we had twenty minutes, after all that hurrying!

As we stood there, looking foolishly at each other, a man came up and said to take his car out to Dingle, as the train, with detours and slowness,

took five hours, and he could do it in two. At that a whole flock of men gathered around us and started to tell us how much nicer and more comfortable and quicker it was to go by car, and how much lovelier the scenery was than that on the road the train took.

"You Irishmen can talk a woman into anything," said Mother, as she closed the bargain.

A man with a jaunting car came up and offered to take us out for twice the price, but we thought that 42, 47, or 52 miles, to quote different authorities, was rather too much for one day in one of those contraptions.

We had told our driver to point out anything of interest, so he talked at top speed about anything and everything we passed, pointing out the Hospital for Mental Diseases, the Poor House, the Earl of Kenmare's estate, and the decaying estate of another lord who had gone to London to live. He named all the separate mountains and told us how many feet high each one was. We passed several Tinkers' vans and asked him about those. The Tinkers are a distinctly Irish feature. They are the Gypsies of Ireland, though they are different from our gypsies. We asked how they made their living.

"Well, say there are foive people in that van. They dhrive to the town near here, and four of them get out to thramp across the counthry to

meet the van at another place. On the way across, they go by different routes. They sthop at all the houses they pass and ask at each for a bit of meal or a few potayties. Afther a time they have a sack full, and thin they go to another town to sell it. They all get dhrunk on the money they get, and go out and have a grand fight. Then they do the same thing the next day."

"If they spend all their money to get drunk on, how do they eat?" we wondered.

"If they happen to land at a house where they are having lunch, they ask for a bit, and the same wid tay."

We asked, "Do the people give them the grain and food because they fear the Tinkers would steal if they aren't satisfied? We have always heard they are very light-fingered."

"No, they don't steal at all, at all. They are a dacent people."

"If a Tinker wants a horse, he goes to a horse buyer and agrays with him to get him a horse. He then goes outside the town the day of the horse-fair and waits until the horse he wants comes along. The Tinker offers the horse's owner about tin pounds less than the value of the horse so they will argue about it, as the rule is that no man may interrupt anyone who is bargaining. In this way the Tinker keeps talking until he gets to the horse buyer, and then turns the horse over

to him. For keeping the horse away from other possible buyers, the Tinker receives a pound or so, and afther a few horse-fairs he is able to buy himself a horse."

At Inch there is a marvellous strand on which motor-races are held. There are "Inches" all over Ireland, and we learned that the name means "a strand."

There was a pretty little grey hotel there, with borders of bright orange nasturtiums against the sombre walls. All along the peninsula here we could look across Dingle Bay to the mountains on the far side. They were higher, but Dingle Peninsula was pretty hilly, with a very bumpy road. The road was bordered with long hedges of wild fuchsia, six or more feet high, the flowers, now at their height, a brilliant scarlet and blue. Many of the hillsides were uncultivated, but others were patchworked in various shades of green and yellow—all the patches with dark green hedge borders.

The town of Dingle had several streets, instead of one main one like most of the small towns, but nothing was paved except a few of the sidewalks—where there were sidewalks. There were mixtures of children, cows, donkeys, and dogs in the main street, but such things are common here. It was very picturesque, the road winding up a

slight hill and the little town perching above the water.

We went for a walk with the hotel puppy after dinner. He was about a foot long, with a foolish little tail that curled over his back, black ears, and an originally white coat. He was two months old and at the nuisance age. He was terribly cunning, but worse than a lively boy to take care of. He ran into all the open doors along the road and chased the other dogs, until they turned around; then he would turn tail and run to us to be protected.

We spent most of our time retracing our steps to fish him out from some corner he was investigating. He had followed us from the hotel, so we felt responsible for him, as we had no idea as to whether he had the sense to find his way home.

We stopped at the door of a little shop and started talking to a woman standing there. That is one nice thing about Ireland, you can talk to anybody anywhere. Mother bought a paper and we continued our conversation.

We said something about wanting to see some Irish dancing, so Mrs. O'Brien said she would get some of the children to dance for us if we would come down the next evening. We wandered on to the pier where we met a skipper of

a fishing boat and started talking with him. He told the boys about his boat and let them climb all over it, with the puppy who wouldn't stay on the dock with Mother and me, but yapped until we dumped him onto the boat.

This boat, twenty tons, with a crew of five, goes out from Monday until Saturday for mackerel and flat-fish. The captain was a regular old salt, and the boys had a very jolly time with him. We planned to have him take us to the Blasket Islands, but something exciting called us away from Dingle suddenly two days later.

Twenty-five miles in a jaunting car! A family covered a thousand miles in Ireland in a jaunting car recently, but twenty-five in a day seemed enough for us to begin on.

We had heard much about the ancient ruins on the end of the peninsula, and we thought that going in a jaunting car would be the best way to see them.

Dingle is one of the most primitive parts of Ireland, and everyone speaks Irish. In fact, many men that our driver hailed in Irish could speak no English at all. One typical old shepherd, at a place where we watched the sheep being washed in disinfectant, could not speak one word of English.

Everyone *is* so friendly! A shepherd who spoke English would hardly let us get away, we

were all talking so hard and fast about the sheep, and the crops, and local affairs.

The races who lived in Dingle two or three thousand years ago knew how to build! The roofs of the "beehive huts" have fallen in, but the walls are standing and the fortifications are entire. One stronghold was built on a cliff. On the part nearest the edge is a beehive hut. It is made of small stones laid closely. The walls are all curving inward to one stone on top so there is no ridge. The whole building is circular and like a beehive, as the name implies. In front of this hut is a wall, made also of very small stones. It curves round to the edges of the cliffs on each side, so the land side was "water tight" all the way round. The wall was almost twenty feet thick at the door. There were compartments in the walls large enough for two or three men, though I think they were not used for living in. All the inside of the wall, which was about ten feet high, is built in steps so that the defenders could climb up to have a shot at the invaders. Over the doorway the stones are large enough to go across the passage.

Outside the entrance is a sort of secret passage. The opening is made of large rocks and the inside of it is walled with the little stones. It goes about ten yards underground and then is blocked up. The blocking does not look recent, how-

ever, and I think very likely the passage did not continue, but was used as a store house. In the other direction it extends but a little way under the front passage.

The race that made these things must have been very small, as the door is only about five feet high and the passage about three feet. We had to crawl through the latter on our hands and knees.

At another place the man who owned the land where the buildings were, came out and showed us around. One had an open room in the centre, or maybe the roof had fallen in, and a beehive hut adjoining on each side. One of these had a well, and the other contained a passage, though it was neither as large nor as long as the first one.

An interesting point is that the buildings nowadays are made in just the same way as the old beehive huts. The modern stone walls are built like the old ones, too. Small stones have to be used, because there are so many in the fields that they have to be piled up somewhere.

Mother went over to the house nearby to speak to the man's wife, since he had been escorting us around the ruins. "Welcome, Yankees," cried the woman. "Will ye have a cup of milk?"

Their meal was just the type you always read about. The table was covered with a huge pile

of boiled new potatoes, and there was a jug of milk. That was all the lunch. An old grandmother of eighty-four was sitting by the turf fire and two small children were beside her. A kitten and a dog were playing under the table. I picked up the kitten as I talked to the old lady, and she asked me if I liked the "catteen." "Een" is a diminutive for anything.

We drank loads of the fresh milk until Mother was worried about their supply, but they told us it was all right, to drink all we wanted. Mother asked the woman if she might give the children some pennies, but the woman said she would rather have their picture taken. We tried to get the whole family in. We had some difficulty with the women, for they were worried about their clothes, but the grandmother came along as soon as her son took her hand, and we persuaded the wife to come.

On the road below our driver was helping another old woman on to our cart, and he asked us to take her picture, too. She was the mother of the woman of the house.

Another old chap whom we photographed apparently spoke no English. Mother pointed to the camera, and he nodded and said, "For the price of some tobacco." That was all the English he knew. I didn't understand what he said until he repeated it after the picture was taken. Mother

then started to give him sixpence (twelve cents), but he said that the tobacco was a shilling and six. He evidently used his face as his fortune.

We had our picnic lunch on a sandy beach at the bottom of a high cliff. The beach was as smooth as possible without the tiniest pebble, but in back the rocks, worn by the waves, jutted out, like the scenery used on the stage, in long, thin rows, one in back of the other, each longer than the one in front.

While I was there I had the strange good fortune to witness something which I think no one else alive today has seen, except Mother, who saw it with me. In fact, the spectacle I saw might almost be called obsolete and extinct. I do not think that it is very commonly performed in this century.

I witnessed a Druid ceremony. It was evidently the initiation of this particular Druid Circle, which was made while we were there. The circle was marked on the sand and rocks were stood around. They were considerably smaller than those of the Circle in Kenmare. The sacrificial stone was laid in the middle, and there the ceremony took place. The circle was made by two Druids and two women, evidently the chosen of the race. The victim was very young; he could not have been more than fourteen, and the Druid looked even younger. The flowing beard

which is always heard of, was conspicuous by its absence. The instrument for the sacrifice was an ordinary stone, and, considering the circumstances, the victim was cheerful. Just as the stone was raised to fall, we had to leave, as we were short of time, though we didn't leave until we had secured a picture of this most extraordinary event. You would think a thing like that would draw a large crowd, but Mother and I, and the driver who came down just in time to witness it, were the only spectators. We were really very fortunate to be there.

After leaving this strange and interesting sight on the beach at Slea Head, we continued on our trip to Sybil Head. The Blasket Islands lay off shore and several headlands jutted out into the sea.

A chieftain of an old castle was in love with a girl named Sybil. The parents were opposed to the match, so the young couple eloped. They were pursued and attacked. The warrior hid the maiden in a cave on the point and went out to vanquish the pursuers. When he returned victorious, he found that Sybil had been washed out to sea.

This headland is famous for its steep rocky cliffs which drop for several hundred feet straight to the sea.

Everyone through the country side would wave

to us as we passed and would talk if we stopped.

The Oratory of Gallerus is a perfect bit of ancient architecture. It was a little church built in the fourth century, and is still absolutely intact. Saint Patrick is supposed to have been to it. It is built in the same way as the beehive huts, but it has a ridge on top instead of a single stone. The interior is very dark, the small door and the tiny window at the back being the only openings. All the walls curve inwards and depend on each other for support. The monks and hermits made their own cells and gathered at the oratory for Mass.

There are many other old ruins in that part of the country, but our jaunting car was sort of battered and falling to pieces, the driver was rather battered and falling to pieces, and the horse was decidedly battered and falling to pieces, so we decided to go home; all the more so as the driver informed us cheerfully that the horse had heart failure occasionally, and we didn't want to walk the four miles. We had to walk up a very long hill as it was, because the horse had his hands full trying to pull the empty car up. The road was perfectly straight for miles, and that made it seem much longer. We arrived home in time for dinner at eight-thirty.

We went to Mrs. O'Brien's shop about half-past nine. We went right back to the kitchen,

where the O'Brien boys and several village children were already gathered. An uncle, who lives in America and has a daughter who plays the violin in the orchestra of the Chicago Opera Company, was also there.

Seumas O'Brien played a reel while the first little girl danced. She was a tiny thing, six years old, fair haired, blue eyed, and very graceful. She danced an intricate reel beautifully. She was so wee you wouldn't think that she could remember all the steps, but she didn't falter once. The next dancer was fourteen, typically Irish, as pretty as could be, black hair and blue eyes, and Irish features. She did a hornpipe which was really a clog dance without the clogs, all very quick and gay.

Seumas played two old Irish airs, one with wailing high minor notes, like the descriptions you hear of the fairy music, and the other lilting and cheerful.

The next selections were from "Il Trovatore." It seemed unusual to see a fourteen-year-old Irish boy in an old suit play Grand Opera in a little kitchen in one of the wildest parts of Ireland. He had only taken lessons for twelve months, but played beautifully, while the firelight shone on the lustre pitchers in the open cupboard in the corner.

A commotion arose in the shop at this moment,

and on inquiring I discovered that a girl was there who could dance, but didn't want to, and the other girls were trying to make her. I asked her if she would, but she said she couldn't and anyway the buckle of her shoe was lost.

I said I knew she could, and to tie up her shoe with a piece of string.

She disappeared, but a few minutes later returned with another pair of shoes and said she would dance if someone else would dance with her.

She and another girl did a reel, and then the four of them did a four hand reel. Maureen, the baby, had never danced a reel with anyone else before, but she went through it very well. The little one was so serious, yet getting full enjoyment out of the dancing, that I liked her the best.

Two girls who had just come in sang two Irish songs. Their voices had both range and sweetness.

Kathleen, the oldest girl, had been sitting in the background, until suddenly Mrs. O'Brien remembered that she sang in a choir which had won a cup given by a famous singer. She had her sing the "Wearin' of the Green," and the song which had won the prize. The latter was also a piece of fairy music, wild and low, with free sweeps upwards.

THE LOVELY LAKE OF KILLARNEY, WITH KERRY COWS AND A SALMON SEINE

BOB AND AMOS HAVE A LESSON IN PATCHING THE THATCHING

AT KILLARNEY WE BECAME CHUMMY WITH SEVERAL KINDS AND SIZES OF BATS

Mrs. O'Brien herself had won a medal for dancing fifteen years before, but she said that she danced four or eight hand reels and had not danced alone since she was a girl. She was pleased that we enjoyed it so, that satisfaction in our enjoyment shone out all over her sweet face.

All the women in Ireland have sweet faces under their dark shawls. You think each one is sweeter than the other.

It was very late when we finally started to go, but it took us a while to get away. Mrs. O'Brien had heard that Bob was going to the Boy Scout Jamboree, and she asked me what we found he got out of the Scouts. I explained as well as I could the ideals of the Boy and Girl Scout Organizations, and by the time we left she was very enthusiastic and hoped they would soon come to Dingle.

All the lights were out in the houses and street lamps were unknown. It was actually dark, as it was after eleven. Usually it is still twilight when decent people go to bed. Luckily the light in the hall was on.

CHAPTER VIII

DAD COMES!

DAD was almost across the ocean! He didn't know we were get-at-able and was going direct to London before joining us, but Mother wired him to meet us in Killarney for the week-end.

We were expecting to hear from him any minute, and when the porter brought up a telegram about eight o'clock in the morning, Mother jumped, but it was only from the Line, saying that the *Duchess of York* had docked at Cobh the evening before.

An hour later the telephone rang for us, and Dad, at the other end, said that he was *at* Killarney.

We packed as fast as we could and got hold of a car. We three were jumping around in our room like the silly puppy. We told Mrs. O'Brien the news and said good-bye to her.

That driver, bad 'cess to him, averaged about ten miles an hour all the way. Really, he didn't go above thirty once, and it was usually about

twenty. We were just on pins and needles, for we had not seen Dad for several weeks.

Once a man in distress signalled us, and we had to stop. Luckily (Christian charity I show) we did not have the tool he wanted, so we weren't delayed there long.

We finally arrived at Killarney and went straight to the hotel. We honked the horn once or twice as we drove up. No one appeared but the porter. He took us right to a bedroom, and there was Dad sound asleep. He didn't stay so long! All four of us piled on top of him, and he woke up *very* shortly.

After the excitement had somewhat calmed down—only somewhat, however—and we had had some lunch, we went out on the lake with a boat and heard all the news.

He had received the telegram just as the tender was about to leave the ship for the shore, and it waited five minutes while he packed. He reached Cobh about 2:30 A.M., and took the five-something train to Killarney, so the sleep we piled out of him was more or less needed.

He said that every Irishman he had met so far had said something funny. The one who drove him to the hotel in Cobh, when asked how much he was owed, replied, "Anything ye want, sor, and I'll take all ye'll give me."

At the station he had heard one man greet

another on the train, "Hello, Tim. Anything sthrange?" meaning, "How goes it? Any news?"

The boatman smiled broadly at us, as we all tried to sit by Dad at once. Dad asked him what his name was, and he replied with the good old Irish name of "Pat Lynch."

"Our name is French, too," said Dad seriously. "Our name is Murphy."

Pat Lynch thought he meant it in truth and cried out, "That's not French, sor. That's Irish. Shure, an' Murphy is a good old Irish name. It's the best Irish name there is, sor, so it is."

He pointed out the mountain that holds the water supply of the town. The lake is called the Devil's Punch Bowl, and is supposed to be bottomless. "Shure, an' an Austhralian officer wint swimmin' there, sor, an' he niver was heard of agin until he wrote for his clothes from Sydney."

All the lakes in the mountains have tales about them, like the one at Clogheen. A mountain at Schull has a lake which has never been fathomed and which is supposed to have an underground outlet into the sea. A cow fell into the lake recently, and the next that was seen of her was when she was found drifting off shore in the Atlantic.

Dad was talking about whaling, and every time he said anything, Pat would say, "I know," or

"I suppose so," which gave the effect of knowing all about it, but all the Irish do that about everything. If you start talking of the man who robbed a store in a small town in South Africa, your auditor will shake his head wisely and say, "I know. Yes, I suppose so," when he doesn't really know a thing about it. Pat certainly was a regular Irish Blarnier. He told the boys that they rowed "grand intirely," when they took the oars from him, and he told us several times that Murphy was the best Irish name there is. Everything we did was "grand intirely."

The "Gap of Dunloe Trip" is the trip everyone takes in Killarney. We drove to the beginning of the Gap, where stands the cottage of Kate Kearney, the famous peasant beauty of two generations ago.

We were going to walk through the Gap even though the men with ponies pestered us. We decided that the Dunloe Trip supports Killarney. The charge for boats and cars is high, and there are extras, such as ponies.

The Gap at the beginning was wide, and the mountains were not very high, but as it closed in the scenery grew very wild. A "shepherd with his pipes" came along the road and offered to make an echo for us. He stood against a rock and tooted his little trumpet. The echo really was quite unusual. The man would play four

notes, pause, and a minute later the four notes sounded back faint and sweet from the distant hills. The next echo man was a character. He leaned on his cane and shouted from his toothless mouth more powerfully than you would have expected, "O-o-o-oh, ho-ho-o-o. O-o-o-h, ho-ho-o-o, Paddy, hello-o! How are you, Paddy? Very well, thank you. O-o-o-oh, ho-ho-o-o!"

After each group of words he would stop until they came back almost as clearly as he had said them. Dad said that he had quite a Satyric laugh. He took the old man's picture while he was calling, and then gave him two or three pennies for it. Immediately the echoer said to me, "You take my picture too, Miss."

When Dad was figuring the trip out, he asked me how much he had spent for echoes. After this second one we were all teasing Mother and Dad about the ways the men in the Gap made money. We would say, "See that white rock on the hillside? It has been there for a long time. One shilling for my information."

"Here is a pond lily. It is worth a pound, but you may have it for fifteen shillings and dear at that."

"I will carry your bundle for you. Ten shillings, please."

It was all absolutely idiotic. We did it almost all the way through about everything we saw

down to the smallest flower by the roadside, until we were all in shrieks of laughter.

As we neared the highest point of the pass, the walls of the road narrowed and became rockier. There were always lakes or rivers in the centre of the valley and there were many birds around. We saw one bird which is very rare and which we may never see again, the water ouzel, or dipper. There are very few of this species. He was a little bird, and at first no one but Dad saw him where he was hiding under a rock in the stream.

As yet there is no real road through the Gap —just a very stony, bumpy dirt road for horses. I hope it will stay that way, it is so much lovelier than if there were automobiles going through in a steady stream.

Towards the top boys met us on their way back with their ponies and tried to persuade us to ride. Finally Bobbie, Amos, and I did, not because we were tired, but because we like to ride. The boys wouldn't take horses until the men promised to let them go alone. The men usually stay with their ponies, hanging on to their tails when they go fast. Some of the horses are in care of boys of eight and nine, and these children run barefoot on the fast trot over *six miles* of stony road!

At the summit of the pass the mountains were

higher and very rocky. The view back showed the whole Gap, the winding road we had followed, the mountains for three or four miles, the numerous lakes and rivers, the heather stretches, and the peat bogs.

The peat is drying everywhere this time of year. It is piled up in small heaps of blocks about seven inches by four by four. It is cut all over the countryside from trenches one or two yards deep in the bogs.

The road down was less exciting and the scenery grew softer as we neared the lake. All around Killarney are rugged mountain wilds, but as soon as the lakes are approached, the forests begin.

I stopped about half a mile from the lake, sent the boy back, and lay down in the heather to wait for Dad and Mother. It started to rain, but the rain is usually so misty that I do not even bother to fasten up my coat. None of us mind it at all.

Two ladies and two gentlemen passed. One of the ladies spoke to the other and then said to me, "Don't you think you had better come along with us?"

"Thank you, I am just waiting for my family."

"Oh, I see. I thought you looked rather lonesome there by yourself."

A couple of Americans passed, exclaiming, "Just see that river, and those mountains!"

Mother and Dad finally wandered into view. I thought I was lying in plain sight of the road, on a little hillock, but they went almost past without seeing me, and then I called. I joined them, and we continued towards the lake. A woman in a black shawl tried to sell us oranges and apples, but the echoes were now over. An old blind man leaning against a rock was playing the violin, and we stopped to listen, as Mother, who used to play, has a soft spot in her heart for anyone who fiddles. We passed the time of day, and he played the "Kerry Hornpipe" for us.

At the end of the six-mile path, a sweet-faced woman met us with a huge pitcher of the best milk I ever drank. We found our boatman quite easily, as his was the only boat in sight, and ate our picnic lunch as soon as we started. The Upper Lake is the smallest, being something like a mile by half a mile. The highest mountains in Ireland, the MacGillicuddy Reeks, rose behind us.

There is a feature of this lake which is not found in any other lake in the British Isles—the outlet is in the side instead of at the end.

The river connecting the Upper and Middle Lakes is five miles long, and, as the boatman said,

"Every turn brings a change of scenery." The river was full of turns, but that was true.

The banks of the river are covered with mountain ash which seems to grow right out of the rocks. The ash berries are the rowan berries of Irish mythology.

The famous rapids are under a bridge which was built by Cromwell. I don't mean internationally famous, but we had heard about them and were anxious to see them. Bob, Amos, and I had never shot any rapids, so we were very eager to. We knew that these were not huge, but they were loads of fun, anyway. We told Mother and Dad to get out their pistols so they could "shoot the rapids." We did go pretty fast down between the rocks, and it soaked me. A big splash came over the side where I was sitting.

Soon after this we entered the Middle Lake, which is a good deal larger than the first. There is a bridge somewhere along here which has mystical powers. While you are under it, you have to dip your finger in the water, rub your gums hard, and say, "Yaw, yaw, yaw." After the ceremony is completed you will never have another toothache. I ought to be well insured against them now, with St. Kevin's chair and this. The five of us "yawing" at once made quite a noise.

On the river is the best echo anywhere around.

The boatman counted, "One, two, three" and we all yelled hard. A minute later the yell came back so clearly that we could distinguish some of the voices.

Each bridge seems to have something special connected with it. As we neared the next, I asked what it was for, and the boatman told us to make a wish under it. This, the Brickeen Bridge, is between the Middle and Lower Lakes and is the only one with a Gothic arch.

The hills on the shore contain much game—deer, grouse, woodcock, "any amount" of hares and rabbits, and the like. The rock around all the Lakes is soft limestone, which is worn into caves and queer shapes by the water. There are two elephants, one on the river and another in a lake, a horse whose head has fallen off, a griffin, and a cannon. This gun was the only gun which could be kept without a license in the time of the troubles of 1921 and '22.

The Eagle's Nest Mountain rose sharply in back of us, a magnificent rocky crag covered with trees, but with the rocks showing through. The eagles were exterminated a few years ago merely because they killed a few lambs, but they had nested there before that for generations.

In the Middle Lake is the "Colleen Bawn Rock." The Colleen Bawn really belongs to Limerick, but they pick up all the old legends and

attach them to Killarney, as that is where the tourists go. "Colleen Bawn" means fair haired girl.

This special Colleen was in love with a young fellow named Hardress Craigin, and he was in love with her. He was of rich parents, and she of poor, and his mother wished to prevent the match. She arranged with another youth, Danny Mann, to steal Hardress' glove, bring it to the Colleen, and say that Hardress wanted to meet her on the rock at a certain time. When she went to the rock Danny came along and pushed her off. Hardress happened to be near by, so he jumped in and saved her.

An automobile driver told me another story altogether. The Colleen was in love, but the man wouldn't have anything to do with her, so she threw herself off the rock. Another man saved her. We asked if she married him, but she wouldn't have anything to do with him. I suppose the boatman knows best, as he probably tells the story to tourists about every day.

"The Meeting of the Waters" in Killarney is one of the famous and unusual things to see. At one place, quiet and shaded by trees, entrances to all three lakes come in from three sides, each entrance just the same distance from the other two as if all had been measured, and each placed just a third of the circumference apart. The

pool in the centre was as still as could be and very peaceful after the "great open spaces."

The Lower Lake is the largest, nine by four miles. Lord Muckross owns the three lakes with their thirty-two islands. It must be wonderful owning such a place, if only for the "feel" of it.

The scenery on the lakes is very unusual because it is at once rocks and woody hillsides. Everything seems soft and dainty, yet there are crags and rocks everywhere.

It started to rain as we landed at Ross Castle at the end of the lake. We climbed the tower, which is almost as high as the one at Blarney. The castle is lovely from the water, but there is nothing to see inside except the tower and the old cannon.

This castle was the last in Ireland to surrender to Cromwell. It could not be approached by land, as it was well fortified, so Cromwell approached up the Laun River from Dingle Bay in small boats. He reached the castle at night, and the garrison gave little resistance because of an old prophecy that the castle would finally be taken from the water.

O'Donaghue was the lord at the time, and he had a lasting reputation. One of the islands used to have a cave in it. He imprisoned his soldiers in this cave when they needed reprimanding, and it is said that at one time he imprisoned his son

there. A piece of limestone looks like a pile of books, and that is called O'Donaghue's Library. The book on the top of the pile is pointed out as being the Bible.

By the time we reached home it was pouring cats and dogs. The proprietress of the hotel which had been a wonderful private estate did not expect to be able to put us up that night, but on our return offered the five of us just one room! We stayed, though. We managed to spread out a bit later.

The next morning we discovered that people had been sleeping on billiard tables and floors all over Killarney, as it had just happened that there had been a big flood of tourists that night. There was a big flood of rain that night, too.

It was Sunday, so almost everyone in the hotel went to church, but I stayed home to write. The family did not return when the others did. I judged they had gone on a short walk. When they finally arrived they were soaking wet after a long tramp. They had started to return a different way, and asked a man how far it was that way. "Oh, about two miles."

"An Irish mile is a mile and a bit, and the bit is as long as the mile," as the saying is, and these were Irish miles with a vengeance. They walked almost six in the pouring rain before the hotel loomed into view.

In the afternoon we decided that the trout fishing might be good after such a flood, so we hunted up Pat Lynch to take us out. We had never fished with flies and had only fished for trout once before anyway, in Glengariff.

The rain stopped almost as soon as we reached the lake. The clouds broke. The sky was blue behind them. The sun shone on the mountains. The fact that we didn't catch a fish made no difference.

Dad and Bob left on the train Monday morning, as Dad had to go to London on business and Bobbie went to the Boy Scout Jamboree. We had planned to loaf all day, but all of a sudden about five o'clock we decided that we wanted to go to Innisfallen Island, where are the ruins of an old monastery.

We called up Pat Lynch, and he came speeding on his bicycle. He didn't think we could get to the island, but we went out on the lake and rowed in that direction.

Amos had brought a rod just for good luck. I was trailing it along, almost forgetting about it, when suddenly I had a jerk and found that there was a fish on the hook. I managed to get him in, just barely missing slapping him in Mother's face, as I couldn't manage the pole very well. He was small, but he was a fish, caught in the Lakes of Killarney after four fishing trips in Ireland.

Everyone was at dinner as we marched up the walk, and they all looked out of the windows as I held up my exactly seven-inch trout.

The old butler was delighted that I had caught something and promised to give it to me for breakfast, the first trout I had ever eaten. That butler was a wonderful old fellow, over six feet, quite largely built; a regular story-book servant, stalking around among the small maids with a napkin on his arm. As he brought my soup he told me that he had kept it red hot for us.

"That remark isn't important," said Mother when we were correcting manuscript later.

"It was important to me then," I argued.

We rode the horse of the son of the house after supper, as we had also the night before. He was a nice little pony, but blind in one eye. He had had it hurt when he was a colt. He insisted on going one way on the grass by the side of the long, straight drive where we rode, but he would come back on the road. No one could make him go up on the road; it might have been because of his bad eye.

Mrs. Giles told everyone that the butler was going to do some Irish dancing, so we all congregated in the living room, where he executed a jig and a reel. It was unusual, this tall, white haired man, well over sixty, doing Irish dancing with his napkin still over his arm. His legs were

THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY JUMPING AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

LIVING STATUES—EVEN ELEPHANTS—ARE CLIPPED FROM IRISH YEW HEDGES

IN CONNEMARA ALL SIGNS ARE IN IRISH. THIS ONE SAYS,
"WILLIAM O'KELLY, GROCERIES"

MARYLEBONE

so terribly long that he twisted them all around in the middle of a step, and would have them untwisted again before the next step. It was very different from the dancing at Dingle. That was graceful and quaint. I don't quite know how to describe this, but it was his legs that impressed me most. They waved around in mid-air so naturally; when he kicked he almost touched the ceiling. We all played "Going to Jerusalem" after that.

CHAPTER IX

ELECTRICITY

I WONDER whether they've ever heard of limericks in Limerick? Nobody spoke in them while we were there, and we didn't even hear any. On the way to Limerick we had stopped at Adare for lunch. Lord Dunraven has a beautiful estate there into which we went. There are several ruins, an old abbey and a castle. Anyone may go in, but it is off the regular route, and there was no one else there when we were. It was very unusual to go into a ruined abbey and not see any caretakers and it was also very peaceful. We wandered where we wished and did not see another person.

The hotel, the Dunraven Arms, where we had lunch, was a regular old hostelry, a coat of arms on the sign at the door, and old prints of horses in all the rooms.

Our jaunting car trips grow longer every time. It was a thirty mile one from Limerick to see the Shannon Scheme. For a new country to put

through a scheme such as this one, is truly remarkable. If a country that was settled and straight did such a thing, it would not seem strange, but for a country that has been "on its own" for only a few years to have the sense of adventure and the pluck to put through a plan like this, shows that the ruling powers are forward-looking.

Half the Shannon River is being diverted into a canal which will be used for making electricity at much less expense than now. The electricity now is local for the towns and runs up to fifty cents a unit. When the scheme is completed it will be about four cents a unit, I have heard, though I am not quite sure of the price. One woman I told that to said,

"Twopence a unit! Arrah, an' I'll be burnin' the lights all the day." There are "works" all up and down the fifty miles of canal.

There is a wonderful old oratory in Killaloe that Brian Boru probably made his devotions in. It was built about thirteen hundred years ago and is very different from the oratory of Gallerus in Dingle. The sides are straight and not sloping inward, and the roof slants up for miles, it seems. It certainly is a very tall roof, the biggest part of the small structure. The inside is a Norman arch from door to end, perfectly plain and simple.

The cathedral is of the fifteenth century and has a marvellous old door of Irish architecture, carved in the Irish designs. We rode out of the village towards the Dun, or fort, of Brian Boru. Mother had seen a pleasant looking gentleman in the village when we arrived who looked as if he would have spoken to her with Irish courtesy had she moved a step forward.

As we drove along we saw the same man by a gate so we did speak to him then. We found that he owned the fort, and he said he would come down with us.

The fort is in the centre of a large field and is covered with trees which were planted comparatively recently. The entrance still has the old steps and some of the stone around it. Around the whole is a moat, then a circular earthwork, a level space and another high earthwork. The whole forms a circle. On the inside is a circular level place where the wooden house originally stood.

This fort was Brian Boru's official headquarters. He was the greatest king of all Ireland and lived in the tenth and eleventh centuries. He was killed in the great battle of Clontarf, in 1014, after he had won it, he, and his son and grandson, all on the same day, but if we are descendants, I suppose he had other children. There

is another grandson buried at the cathedral here anyway.

Mr. Parker insisted on taking us up to his house for tea. Mrs. Parker met us as though we were old friends, though she had never seen us until her husband brought the three of us home unexpectedly. We had the most wonderful afternoon with them in their beautiful house and garden, and could hardly tear ourselves away. Mr. Parker breeds cattle and has many wonderful cows, and a bull that Amos talked about for a week, also two beautiful horses.

One of these horses was very spirited and we were admiring him as he galloped around a field with the groom.

"He's just come in from plowing in the field," said Mr. Parker, to our great astonishment. "He plows, does a great deal of farm work, pulls the carriage, jaunting car, and Victoria, and would hunt three days a week if I took him out. He never gets tired."

The big black bull made us realize why one of the most famous fights of Irish mythology was about the Brown Bull of Cooley. This Brown Bull, owned by Conor, King of Ulster, was the only bull in the world equal to the White Horned Bull of Maeve, Queen of Connaught. These bulls were born on earth to make trouble between Ulster and Connaught, but no one knew that.

Maeve was determined to win the Brown Bull, for the White Horned had gone to her husband's herds, and she didn't want to be outdone in riches. Her herald said to her, " . . . Brown he is, and dark as night, terrific in strength and size. Upon his back, at evening tide, full fifty little boys can play their games. . . ."

Maeve led a mighty army into Ulster. Cuchulain, who was then but a stripling, guarded the ford alone for many days, slaying many men of Connaught, because the fighting men of Ulster were sick with a curse which had been laid upon them. Finally they were aroused. Maeve's army was defeated. The Brown Bull defeated the White Horned in a terrific combat, then took his path to his native home, but, exhausted by his fight, he fell dead.

On the way back to Limerick the sky was blue, except for thick white clouds around the horizon, and the sun was shining. A little while after we had started, the clouds suddenly closed together and it began to *pour*. There was only one blanket, and Mother and Amos had that, for there were two of them on one side, and we had to sit on different sides to balance the cart. In five minutes I was drenched. It kept on pouring until the driver stopped at a little house and told us to go in until it let up.

It was still raining when we left, though not

as hard. Five minutes later the sky was blue, except for thick white clouds around the horizon, and the sun was shining.

There is a castle in Limerick built by King John. The King John castles are different from the Elizabethan, being heavy and more massive-looking with short, solid round towers at the corners.

Kilkee, fifty miles from Limerick, is a much-loved seaside resort. The strand stretches around like a horseshoe and the town follows the curve of the beach. From one of the points you can see the whole colourful town, the longest street on the water, the houses, little bungalows of stucco, red, orange, green, grey, grey-blue, white and yellow, making a very gay picture from the water.

The rock pools of Kilkee are the chief attraction. The rocks are covered at high tide, but at low tide you may see sea-anemones, red, green and pink striped snails, little crabs, and so forth on the rocks. The pools are used for swimming, and there is only surf bathing on the strand. The one for women is inside and farther out are two for men, where we could see white figures moving around. We thought they were very mean to keep all the point to themselves so that we couldn't go out and look at the pools there.

The rocky cliffs of the coast line are indented.

One indentation, called the Amphitheatre, is like a boiling cauldron. At the bottom of its rock cliffs the waves come dashing in to smash against the wall. There is a strange formation in the centre of the Amphitheatre. A rock rises straight up out of the water and goes up as high as the cliffs. It is roughly rectangular in shape, surrounded on all sides by the water. Another rock has a huge basin in it, with a hole in the bottom through which the sea rushes when the waves are high. The waves break over the reefs in a perfect hurricane of foam and spray, soaking the grass on the top of the cliff high above.

Amos and I got from our beds into our bathing suits the next morning to take a dip before breakfast, at the early hour of nine-thirty. To all our inquiries about the 'bus to Gort we had been told that there was none. We had to go to Ennis and change there. A small boy of eight transported our luggage in his donkey cart, looking very important and responsible. When the 'bus arrived we put in our luggage, started to get in, and then Mother asked the guard if it surely connected with the one to Gort.

"That 'bus ahead goes straight to Gort."

I started up the street on the run to hold the other 'bus. "Wait a minute," we all called. At that moment the conductor became engaged in a deep conversation with some one on the street,

so we didn't go until the conversation was over. Moral: don't hurry in Ireland. Haste makes waste.

About twenty people were gathered in a group on the road farther along, taking pictures and signalling to the 'bus to stop. Half of them got on with much delay and noise, waving goodbye and talking loudly. The conductor said they were off to America.

CHAPTER X

WITH LADY GREGORY AND MR. YEATS

I HAD a premonition. We were going to have tea with Lady Gregory, the great Irish writer. I knew that Mr. William Butler Yeats was often at her house, and I had an inkling that he would be there then, though I didn't mention the fact, as I thought that just seeing Lady Gregory was too good to be true. Lady Gregory met us at the door and took us upstairs, and there he was. I had never seen a picture of him, only a caricature, and I would have known him from that for his characteristics are strongly marked.

Mr. Yeats and Mother started talking right away. Lady Gregory asked, "Do you like to eat gooseberries out of a garden?"

"Very much. We don't have gooseberries often at home."

"Then come with me and we will leave these two to talk."

We went out and ate many gooseberries while talking with her. A fiery-haired lad came in

with a basket while we were there, to get berries for his mother.

"You ask the gardener which bush you may pick from," Lady Gregory said to him, continuing as he went off, "All the children come in here for gooseberries."

"Don't you want to see my trees? The Forestry Department has been planting trees all over the Free State. There are very few forests now because the land is all cultivated. They asked me for this field for a nursery and planted it with a million tree seedlings which will be transplanted to other places when they are big enough."

Lady Gregory knew of my writing and asked me about it.

Back at the house Amos and I talked with Mr. Yeats. We asked him about getting the people to talk of fairies. We had only seen one person who would, our old driver out at Dingle, and we imagined it was the fear of ridicule that kept them silent.

"Yes," he said. "You have to win their confidence before they will talk at all. I used to write fairy stories before I started writing poetry. A friend and I used to go out when I was just a young man, and I would start by telling a legend myself. Because I told this story with complete conviction, the countryfolk would warm up and tell me some stories in return. One old witch

doctor, who was rather reticent, said when he had finished talking, 'Well, I've told you more than I've ever told my own wife.' "

And the stories are fascinating. We have had a collection of Irish Fairy-Tales by Mr. Yeats in our bag all the time. We all read it whenever we can.

At tea Mother spoke of the lustre pitchers and beautiful old china that you see in the cottages everywhere and asked if the peasant women didn't prize them very much.

"It is a housewife's chief possession," answered Mr. Yeats. "If a husband doesn't like what his wife is doing, he stands with his back to the dresser and his hands on the shelves which contain the china in such a position that if he should take one step forward the whole thing would tumble over; then he tells her that if she says another word, he will step forward. If she does so, he smashes down the dresser. At that, in her fury, she cries out, 'I'll ha'nt ye when I die.' "

I don't know how often the china is smashed, but I imagine it is very seldom.

Another story Mr. Yeats told was about a school in the centre of Ireland. All the children started seeing leprechauns. Leprechauns are tiny fairy cobblers who enrich you for life if you catch and hold one, but they are very wary crea-

tures. If you have one, you must watch him every second. They say things to make you look away, and once your eyes are off them, they are gone.

All the children, and later all the older people in this little town started seeing leprechauns everywhere. A friend of Mr. Yeats was in the town at the time. He would be talking to some of the villagers and suddenly they would point and say the leprechaun was there. They would all see him, but the friend couldn't. The story was in the papers everywhere, all over the country.

A very small man lived in the town and he arranged with another man to say that he had been mistaken for a leprechaun by some one. Then this other man showed him all over England and Scotland as an example of Irish superstition.

Any man, however small, would be too big for a leprechaun, so I prefer to believe that the people saw real ones.

Lady Gregory's tea room was full of little porcelain figures which the peasants used to keep in their cottages. Now the custom is dying out, so a few collections of them have been made. They are of persons like Wellington, Washington, Sir Robert Peel, Napoleon, Queen Victoria, and famous generals on horseback.

We walked down the path where Mr. Yeats has composed many of his poems. It is a truly

poetic and inspiring place, the garden on one side, fields and trees on the other. There is one huge old beech tree which is covered with the initials of famous people, carved by themselves while they were at Lady Gregory's house. George Bernard Shaw's initials are there, the biggest on the tree, carved very boldly and decidedly. George Russell, the writer, used his pen name, Æ. Mr. Yeats' and his brother's, Jack Yeats, the artist, are there, John Masefield's and those of a great many other modern writers and composers.

When Augustus John, the Irish painter, was asked to put his initials on, he climbed to the top of the tree and put them there. No one has ever been up to see them, and he had to do them again at the bottom. We were specially interested in Mr. Masefield's initials as we had met him in Oxford. To quote from Bobbie's diary about him:

"He was perfectly lovely to us. He showed us a ship model that he had made and a lot of pictures of ships, and he played with us in his theatre.

"But the best of all was his reciting 'Sea-Fever,' one of the poems we three kids have been brought up on.

"He held us perfectly enthralled while saying that with his deep, vibrating voice. He put all the yearning of the sea into action. You could

see the ship scudding before the wind and the spray-topped waves, and the gulls wheeling around you. You could hear the whistle of the wind and the roar of the waves.

"Mr. Masefield kept showing us one thing after another and talking to us and telling us sea-yarns, so that we could not tear ourselves away, we were so fascinated with him."

But to return to Lady Gregory's garden. There is a high grey wall built by a Lord Gregory two hundred years ago when he planted the forest behind. This wall is a lovely background for the garden and is covered with purple wall flowers. Every autumn, Mr. Yeats said, he and Lady Gregory pick the pods and go all over the wall to stick them in holes, because the flowers just grow out of the wall.

John Morley said some years ago that he would like to spend all his life just walking up and down the path there.

The house at Coole Park (the name of the estate) is a treasure house. Lady Gregory has always known all the famous people you could think of and has the walls covered with autographed pictures of Mark Twain, President Roosevelt, Robert Browning and many others. Her scrap book contains pictures of and letters from Dame Ellen Terry, James Orpin, Æ, Gilbert and Sullivan, Roosevelt, Lord and Lady As-

quith, Chesterton, Lloyd George, all the great Irishmen, poets, authors, statesmen, and other people from all over the world.

As she turned some of the pages and pointed out the names of some Irishmen, she said, "They were sacrificed," meaning for Irish freedom, because several of her friends were shot in the troubles. Lady Gregory herself was a great worker for Irish freedom.

In another room is a statuette of Thackeray, given by the writer himself to a Gregory, and elsewhere is a lock of Napoleon's hair given to a Gregory by a friend of the General's.

The bookcases are full of old books marvellously bound. The huge rooms look out over the hills, and the walls are covered with pictures by Æ, Augustus John, Jack Yeats, and one by his father, who was also a great painter. The one by J. B. Yeats, Senior, was of Lady Gregory's son who was killed in the war. One could spend days looking at the interesting things in the house.

One picture is evidently from a paper or magazine which was illustrated by Jack Yeats, and contained poems by W. B. Yeats. This picture is entitled, "Little Pamela Pettigrew on her birthday reciting 'The Brigand's Bride' to her Grandmamma and her Grandpapa." It showed "Little Pamela" in stiff old-fashioned clothes standing in front of a circle of admiring relatives.

A GLIMPSE OF SLIGO FROM THE RUINS OF CREVALEA ABBEY

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST IS ENTERTAINED AT OUR PICNIC

ST. MARY'S

ACROSS THE PEAT BOG LOOMS BENBULBIN, A MOUNTAIN RICH IN THE LORE OF OLD IRELAND

When we finally had to leave, after having talked a blue streak with Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats for three hours, Mr. Yeats accompanied us to the first gate so we wouldn't take the wrong turn. There was no chance of mistaking the road, but with such an escort, we didn't say that.

We said good-bye to Lady Gregory at the door. She had been as lovely to us as anyone could be.

I asked Mr. Yeats what he thought of the Shannon Scheme. The job is all being done by German engineers, and he replied that everyone was surprised when it was not given to England. The Republicans have always said that the Free State couldn't do anything financially without the help of England. When the Free State put this through without England's assistance, many Republican leaders resigned from the party, saying "Ireland has proved herself financially independent."

"The Shannon Scheme will also help keep the young people at home," he said, in answer to my question about introducing industry into an agricultural country.

As it is, if a farmer has several sons, only one can have the farm. The others may work on it, but they cannot be married until they have a place of their own. If there are factories, the sons will work in them instead of having to go to America. At present it is dreadful, the way

all the young people are going across as soon as they can. We like to have the Irish come, but it seems too bad to have them all leave their own country, and if this Scheme keeps them home more, it will be better. A new country needs the youth of her land.

The forests along the road are peaceful, quiet places. They were all planted two hundred years ago and now resemble the "forest primeval."

The stony forest floor is covered with moss, and there is little undergrowth except bracken here and there. In many places the ground is bare of all but moss between the trunks, and the branches intertwine overhead, shutting out some of the light.

George Bernard Shaw once lost himself in the woods around Coole Park, and didn't find his way to the house for several hours. He said then that the last time he had lost himself was in Wales. That time it cost him a thousand dollars because his wife had been alarmed and had sent out searchers. He walked in by himself the next day, but he had to give presents to all of the searchers.

Mr. Yeats left us at the gate and we turned to watch him as he walked up the path. He is very tall, the kind of man who seems to tower in the air above you. He has marvellous eyes and grey hair, rather long, which is brushed back.

He is one of the most striking looking men I have ever seen.

Lady Gregory is short and very sweet-faced, and not very young now.

As we walked back by open-doored cottages, we could talk of nothing but our visit. Everyone wished us good evening as we passed.

We were taking a train the next morning at ten minutes of nine. The ticket agent didn't arrive until five minutes of. He was very large and *very* pompous. Mother asked for "two and a half to Athlone" so he very slowly took the tickets out one by one, opened a book leisurely, pokily took out a pencil, meditatively entered their numbers in the book, thoughtfully added the sums up, with dignified reticence announced the amount, and, with infinite patience gave Mother the change. In the meantime, there were a dozen others in back of Mother, and the train was overdue. The agent followed the same procedure with the others, and ten minutes after he had finished, the tiny train came slowly puffing in. How restful after New York! How stupid the world would be if everything went on time!

"There once was a widow Malone
Ohone
Who lived in the town of Athlone
Alone."

Other things besides the widow happened in Athlone. It was in a ford of the Shannon there where the fight between the Brown Bull of Cooley and the White-Horned Bull of Connaught took place.

Fair Day was in progress when we arrived, so after finding a very pretty little hotel out in the country, we went into town to see the markets.

On one side of the bridge were the animals, and on the other side the "inanimate farm produce."

All the men selling animals knew, of course, that we were just tourists, since we were almost the only strangers in the town, so they all joked with us about buying animals.

In one place there were forty-five sheep in a very small pen, packed in as tightly as possible. We talked to the three or four men standing around there.

"Just out of curiosity," asked Mother, "what are the sheep worth?"

"Since it's you, they're not much. Won't you buy a few?"

"Do they take them on the 'buses?" asked Mother.

These sheep were all yearlings which weren't to be killed for another year, but one of the men pointed to three old ones a little way off. "You should take those three."

"I couldn't take the three, I have only two pockets," I answered as seriously as I could. At that all the men laughed.

Another man who was selling baby piglets said we should buy a couple. "The boys might carry one under each arm on the train," we said.

The owner of one batch of piglets who had evidently had a poor day, when we said we were not buying, answered, "Oh, I wish you were, Ma'am."

There were many baby calves, some of them only a week old, tiny, wobbly things. I took a picture of one in a donkey cart, and the owner said, "I think I am entitled to a snap of that," so we took his name and address. Everyone everywhere wishes us to send them prints of the pictures of their donkeys, or houses, or babies—whatever we happen to take. I think it will take us most of the winter addressing the pictures, but they are all so nice about letting us take them, that it will be fun writing to them.

Some pigs squealed when somebody picked them up after a sale and dumped them into another wagon, but there was surprisingly little noise on the whole. Once in a while one of the forty-five sheep would bleat when another sheep kicked it, and a calf would low when someone hauled it out to show to someone else, or a pig would squeal when its tail was pulled. But though

"pigs is pigs," there are many other things in and near Athlone.

It seems rather strange to us to think that when Europe was still in the hands of the barbarians who fought and squabbled over every inch of land, plundered, killed and worshipped heathen gods, Ireland was entirely Christian, highly civilized and very cultured. We always think of the learning of Europe, but long before the highest continental culture Ireland was sending out missionaries to convert Europe to Christianity, to teach and lead her. The Ireland of that day is known as the "Land of Saints and Scholars." The centre of the culture and learning was Cluain Maccu Nois, the plain of the sons of Nos, now Clonmacnois.

Ciarán, the founder of the first Monastery, was one of five sons. All five, and two of his three sisters, were dedicated to the service of the Church, and even the other sister was commended as a pious widow.

Before he was born, his mother and father passed a blind Druid when driving in a chariot. "Who is in that chariot?" asked the Druid of his followers. "It makes the noise of one which bears a king."

They laughed at the old man, saying, "It is only a chariot-maker and his wife."

The Druid answered, "In that carriage is a

child who will become a mighty king and will work miracles and marvels untold."

When Ciarán left his first teacher and went to the famous Findian at Clonard, a poor scholar came who asked all the boys at the school to lend him a book, but no one would. When he came to Ciarán, the latter was reading verses in the Gospel of Matthew which were about "doing unto others." At that he presented his book to the poor student, and the next day only knew part of the Gospel. His companions at that named him "Ciarán Half-Matthew," but their master rebuked them. "Not Ciarán Half-Matthew," said Findian, "but Ciarán Half-Ireland, for he alone will have the half of Ireland, while we will have the other half."

Ciarán wandered for several years before he settled at Clonmacnois, but here finally, on the 25th of January, 548, he and his followers, Oengus, Mac-Nisse, Cael-Colomb, Mo-Beoc, Mo-Lioc, Lugna mac hui Moga Laim, and Colman son of Nun, founded the monastery.

A soldier passed when Ciarán was putting up one of the posts of the building, and in return for the assistance he gave, was promised the kingship of Ireland. He later ruled for fourteen years as High King.

Ciarán died seven months after the founding of the monastery. The fame of the settlement

grew rapidly, a town arose around it, grants were given to support it. The monastery had a hard struggle for existence. In the seventh century an epidemic laid it low; in the eighth century the city was burned thrice and was in wars twice, also miraculous visions appeared twice in this century; in the ninth the settlement was burned five times, two of the times violently, once by a King of Cashel and once by a Viking chief; in the tenth century the monastery was plundered nine times, by Danes and Munstermen. A grant of land was the only profit mentioned in this century, though a daughter of Flann, High King of Ireland, who was called by historians "a rich old woman," died within the colony.

In the eleventh century there were only occasional plunderings and burnings.

During all these centuries of hardships and misfortunes, the best work of the monastery was being produced in the form of carven stone slabs, crosses, and later work in gold and silver.

The High Cross, the Cross of the Scriptures, is still standing in the graveyard, though the carving is dulled by time. It is in the shape of all the Irish crosses, "the arms embraced by a circle," and is carved with scenes from the Bible.

The several hundred years after this art work had declined are recorded as a monotonous history of English plunderings.

The monastery was stopped a thousand and four years after its founding. There are now the ruins of eight churches, two round towers, and a castle on the site. There were many other buildings, of course, but they were destroyed by time or fire until they began to be built of stone. The Nuns' Church is the most interesting, though there is not much left but an arch at each end. These are covered with Irish carving.

CHAPTER XI

BACK TO DUBLIN FOR THE HORSE SHOW

HORSE SHOW WEEK in Dublin is about the biggest event of the year in Ireland. Everyone is there and many visitors come from England and the Continent just for the week. You could not get a room in Dublin in a hotel for love or money and special trains have to be run from all the ports. Everybody and everything is decked out in his or its gayest, the theatres and moving picture houses have special attractions, special trams are run from the Show Grounds and the filled city wears a festive air.

For four days we were at the Horse Show most of the time, but we did other things in between, for instance: at a stained glass factory we saw some of the most beautiful stained glass made in Ireland. It is all made by hand now just as it was in the Middle Ages, but the process is quicker because of the gas kiln which makes the firing faster.

The pencil design is drawn first to scale and very small; then an exact copy is made and

coloured. Then a design full size is made for the men to work on. The first worker cuts out the small pieces of glass with a very hard steel wheel, laying the glass over the drawing on which the separate pieces are marked. The glass is laid on a tray and is sent to other workers who fasten the pieces on to a piece of ordinary glass with wax for the first painting. The whole picture is painted in detail, and then is fired. This brings out the brilliancy of the colour and it is repainted. The second time the firing shows the colours so clearly that it can be told easily just how much more colour is needed, and for the third time it is painted. The pieces are then taken off the temporary glass to be leaded together. After the leading the glass is brushed over with cement to waterproof it in the cracks by the edges of the lead.

The more bubbles a piece of glass has in it, the more beautiful it is. Ruby glass is the only kind which is ordinary glass with a very thin layer of the ruby on top. If it were red all the way through, it would be impossible to see through it. All the other colours are stirred in while the glass is hot and liquid. One piece was streaky, red and blue in curves and whorls because the two colours had been put in and stirred around. The glass is not made at this place, but by another company.

This factory is at present filling an order for

nine windows for a church in Bayonne, New Jersey. The designs are very distinctive. That is, if you had seen as much of the designer's work as we saw that day, you could be pretty sure to tell his work if you saw it again, which is not always the way with stained glass windows. The designer, Mr. Harry Clarke, illustrates many books also.

His brother, who showed us the factory, sent us to a tapestry-making shop when we left him. The tapestry wasn't as interesting, but it was very beautiful and wonderfully done. Upstairs, embroidering was being done by hand, and one of the just-finished pieces which they happened to unroll for us turned out to be a banner for the Girl Guides of the City of Dublin! It was green with a lot of gold tassels and embroidery on it, showing the three castles of Dublin, the Girl Guide insignia and motto and another motto, probably that of the city. Below, a huge circular rug had just been finished for the vice-regal lodge, and new rugs were being put on the looms.

Phoenix Park, outside Dublin, is the scene of the international motor races every year, and also is one of the few places in the world where lion cubs are bred to be sold. It is a beautiful park, very extensive. We went just to see the lion cubs, so drove right to the Zoo. The keeper was a jovial old man with walrus moustaches. He

took us in to see the cubs. I don't think you are supposed to see them much except at feeding time, but he looked as if he would show them to anyone who asked. There were three seven months old in one cage and three more half that age in another. They were very innocent looking little things. The cage with the mother in it was the only one which the keeper could not go near. The lions in the other cages would lick his fingers and rub against his hand lovingly, and growl when he left. One of the old lions was in a bad temper and was "cussing" in the corner of his cage, but the minute the keeper said, "Get up, Balor," he got up, though he was still cross. "Come over here and lie down," and he did so, continuing to growl.

George Russell, more commonly known under the pen-name of Æ, is one of the most loved men in Ireland. Every Irishman knows his name. He was one of the foremost workers for Irish independence and is one of the greatest writers, poets, and painters in Ireland today. He is over sixty, but looks many years younger with hair that is almost entirely brown still, though he himself says it has no business to be so. We called on him at his office where he edits the "Irish Statesman", a weekly magazine. He is about medium height, has a very full, grey beard which is still red in places, but the most fascinat-

ing thing about him is his voice. It is rather hard to explain, being really a monotone, but at the same time extraordinarily expressive. We talked about books, and he quoted a description from "The Flight of the Eagle" by Standish O'Grady, whose books are famous over there but are not so well known at home. The description he quoted was of a mountain, Slieve Gullion, in Donegal, and of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the last great champion of the Gael:

"So they rode through the Moyrah Gap, unchallenged, and in amongst the Orier mountains—a crowd of them, the outposts of Ulster, giant sentinels and frontiersmen of the North—a land of mountains, hills, and droums, of gaps and glens and rocky shy recesses, embroidered with lichen and heather, and loud with torrents; of forests and opening lakes: an intricate land; . . . a land, too, of old enchantment, a many-storied land. Here, somewhere, Hugh Roe, looking to the right, asked the name of one great mountain super-eminent in height, surpassing the rest in size and majesty of outline, evident captain of that steadfast clan. Well might the lad ask, . . . for there beside the track there looms above him the most classic, legendary, and haunted of all the holy hills and Druidic high places of the Gael. It was Slieve Gullion, perhaps more famous as Slieve Fuad, a mountain alive with tradition and

teeming in every hollow and height and torrent-cloven gash of it, with mystical powers and influences metaphysical; immemorial haunt of beings supramundane and immortal; *mons fabulosus* if ever there were such. . . .

"Here lived and reigned Fuad, the far-off Milesian druid king, till his glory faded, as all things will. The mountain was Cuculain's sign-post, when, a little boy driven forth by the war spirits, he secretly left his home and his dear mother, seeking Emain Macha. Here the sentinels of the Red Branch from their white watch tower, Carn Fion, scanned afar the mearings of Ulster. Here Ossian's sire slew the enchanter Almain, son of Midna, who once every year, to the sound of unearthly music, consumed Tara with magic flames. On this mountain Cuculain seized the wild fairy steed, the Liath Macha, new risen from the Grey Lake, ere steed and hero in their giant wrestlings and reelings encompassed Banba, and in the quaking night the nations trembled. Here, steeped in Lough Liath's waters, Finn's golden tresses took on the hue and glitter of radiant snow. From the spilled goblet of the god sprang the hazels, whose magic clusters might assuage that hunger of the spirit which knows no other assuagement. The Faed Fia was shed around them. Here shined and trembled the wisp of druid-grasses, from whose whisperings with

the dawn-wind pure ears might learn the secrets of life and death. Here beneath those hazels, their immortal green and their scarlet clusters, sprang the well of the waters of all wisdom."

The way Mr. Russell said it was fascinating; he held attention with every word. We went for ten minutes and stayed forty, discussing Ireland and writing. He thinks Donegal the most beautiful part of Ireland. Dad was not with us, but Mr. Russell asked us to have him come in the next day, so I went back with him.

His office is a good-sized room. We were admiring the fresco which covered all the walls and said something about it.

"That? Oh, yes, I was tired of the brown wall paper, so I dashed it off in four afternoons."

It is more or less Greek, with figures of women and children, birds, trees, temples and flowers.

The Horse Show was over and above all our highest expectations though we knew it was the biggest thing of its kind in the world. We had never seen such horses, and we spent most of our time in the jumping enclosure where they can be seen best.

The Military Jumping was the greatest feature, particularly as there were more countries in it this year than there have ever been before—Ireland, England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Sweden and the United States.

WE START ON A TWELVE-MILE ROW THROUGH THE THREE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

A TYPICAL HOMESTEAD IN THE IRISH MIDLANDS, WITH THE WINTER'S STACK OF TURF AGAINST THE WALL

The Horse Show is managed by the Royal Dublin Society and is held in their huge buildings at Ballsbridge near Dublin. The main hall is so big that you get lost in it and that is only a small part of the whole place. This hall is filled with booths containing products of Irish industries, everything made in Ireland from soap to shoes, the most lovely hand-woven tweeds, Limerick bacon, riding clothes, newspapers, clothes woven from rabbit wool, everything imaginable. Around the hall is a gallery containing entries for art competitions, from drawings by six-year-olds to oil paintings and statues by students over twenty. The prize for sculpture was won this year by Brigid O'Brien, my hostess at the tennis party.

Beyond the main halls are paddocks and the judging rings. This year, there were one thousand and forty-five horses entered. Near the paddocks is the Flower Show.

The course for the regular competitions consists of a hedge and ditch jump, a single bank, a stone wall, a double bank, hedge and water, and gate.

There were some splendid horses in the regular competitions, but we were on tiptoes waiting for the military events. On the first day America did not compete. The other countries jumped over a fence which was raised after each round. The second day, France won on a specially dif-

ficult course, and the next afternoon, we Americans took first place.

The biggest event of the show was the presentation of the Aga Khan Challenge Trophy, which was competed for by teams of three horses from each of the seven countries. It was most exciting, especially so because of our team.

Our long, rangy Kentucky horses are different from the heavier Irish horses, and are faster, though that didn't count on the jumps.

The six regular jumps were gone over in one round of the field, and in another round, the four special ones were taken in. The double gate and single bar gave the most trouble, the last because it looked so much easier than it was.

Each team went over the course once, and then went again. Excitement was high when France's and Ireland's scores were added and found to be tied. The two teams agreed to run again. Cuchulain, Ireland's best horse, made faults on gate and bars, giving the victory to France by one point—140–139 out of a possible 150! Sweden came third, America tied Switzerland for fourth place, England was next to the last. One of the officers of the Belgian team won the prize for individual horsemanship, even though his team stood at the end.

The Aga Khan, who gave the award, was in

the Governor-General's box, splendid in purple robe and turban.

There were long lists of other happenings in the Show, but we didn't have time to pay as much attention to them because of the excitement of the jumping. The harness horses were beautiful, with wonderful knee action and high stepping.

Amos and I went alone the third afternoon and happened to run into Mr. Lennox Robinson, of the famous Abbey Theatre. We told him that we were going to his play that evening. We could have gotten seats together the next night for a different show, but we took seats in five different parts of the house because we wanted to go to Mr. Robinson's play. He said he was going to his play that night too, but that they were both good ones!

Everyone who goes to Dublin goes to the Abbey Theatre. It was started by Mr. Robinson, Lady Gregory, Mr. Yeats and others, some years ago for the production of Irish plays. All the plays given are of Irish life by Irish writers.

Mr. Robinson's "The Far Hills" is a delightful comedy. The lines which I think are the star part of the play are spoken when Harold, a very pessimistic and melancholy young man, comes home from a vacation in Connemara, where he said the scenery was "beautifully desolate."

"—And while I was away, the cat had kittens. That's the third time since Christmas."

Marian asks, "I hope they were nice kittens?"

"Horrid! Horrid!"

We met Mr. Robinson afterwards in the lobby and all heartily agreed that it was worth sitting alone for. It was Amos's first theatre, and he was almost asleep by the end of it. Mr. Robinson told Mother a couple of times to take him right home and put him to bed, or he would fall asleep on the way.

The theatre itself was very different from those we were used to in New York. Instead of entering from the back, the door was at the front and we walked right across past the stage to reach seats on the other side. Four people evidently had no reserved seats, so as soon as the curtain rose and the orchestra left, they took chairs and sat to one side within the railing. The leaflet programmes were sold, and the seats that were taken had little slips of paper across the back saying "engaged" on them. Amos took one of these off in an interval and held it across his shirt front. We didn't think it was quite time for that, even though the trolley conductors seem to think Amos is grown-up. In a tram one day Mother bought a half-fare ticket for him. The conductor exclaimed in surprise, "Isn't that boy fifteen?"

"He won't be eleven until October," said Mother. The conductor collapsed on the floor and had to be taken away in an ambulance—at least, almost.

We went out to Bushy Park, Lady Shaw's place, again for an afternoon. Two of her grandchildren who are Girl Guides were there and after tea we "tracked" all over the numerous woods. When we had to go we were going to "stalk" Dad, but he returned just as we left the house. We were coming along the path in a line, but when he started to take our picture, we broke for cover.

"Line up, you monkeys!" he called, so the five of us stood in a lovely straight line in the path with our backs towards him and he took the picture! He made us turn around for another one, though.

We left Dublin right after a late dinner for the peninsula of Howth, which stretches out on one side of Dublin Bay. Howth, or Ben Edair, was the point from which the mythological heroes of Ireland set sail by water to the Many-Coloured Land of Faery and the place at which they landed when they returned to the everyday world. James Stephens, in "Irish Fairy Tales" tells about it in this way:

"There are more worlds than one, and in many ways they are unlike each other. But joy and

sorrow, or, in other words, good and evil, are not absent in their degree from any of the worlds, for wherever there is life there is action, and action is but the expression of one or the other of these qualities.

"After this Earth there is the world of the Shí. Beyond it again lies the Many-Coloured Land. Next comes the Land of Wonder and after that the Land of Promise awaits us. You will cross clay to get into the Shí; you will cross water to attain the Many-Coloured Land; fire must be passed ere the Land of Wonder is attained, but we do not know what will be crossed for the fourth world."

In the morning we went to Castle Howth to see the ancient cromlech. The castle was one of the most beautiful we have seen. Mother liked it best, though in my mind nothing will ever compare with Lismore.

The cromlech is at the foot of a hill. These monuments were said to be old when the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, and they are known as burial places, but not much else is known about them. Ardeen, wife of Oscar lies here. She died of grief when her husband was killed.

The enormous top stone was originally balanced on the four others, but now it, and one of the four, have toppled over and lie on the ground. The top stone is said to weigh ninety tons.

From this ancient monument we went on up the rhododendron path. The little walk is surrounded by the bushes, their twisted stems interlacing sometimes overhead and forming a darkness almost twilight even when the sun is out. In other places, they are clipped lower and one can look out over waves of rhododendron bushes. In the steep places gnarled roots across the path form a natural staircase. The bracken grows as high as my waist and I picked a large piece and held it over Mother as we walked, like one of the canopies over East Indian potentates.

Suddenly, around a bend, we came out of the dark path onto a hillside covered with a royal mantle of purple and gold, bright heather and the gorse, now in its second flowering. Towards the very summit the ground was rocky and covered with such a profusion of colors as I have seldom seen. Some of the small rhododendrons had withered into a bright red-brown; the ground was carpeted with a little creeping plant, scarlet and green; dead heather plants showed a grey and white against the purple-brown earth; farther off were patches of the verdant bracken; the jutting grey and white rock, covered with lichen in darker shades, and lined with streaks of orange, stood here and there among the purple and the smaller flowered lavender heather.

The rest of the peninsula reached back to the

mainland, its yellow and glaucous hills lightened in places by the sun, but shaded in others. The sand flats shone in the bright blue Irish sea which on one side stretched away to England and Wales, and a little sailboat glistened to silver as it turned around into the sun. Ireland's Eye shone in the indentation in the coast, a green and brown mountain in the sea, surrounded by a brilliant border of burning sand, and more dimly in the background showed the island bird sanctuary of Lambay. In back of me were grey clouds and in front, blue sky and downy, fleecy cloudlets. A grey and purple hill nestled a little white thatched-roofed farm at its foot and below the castle hid among the trees. The Wicklow hills rose in the background; the light and dark rhododendrons covered all the hill below us, making a picture to be imagined of their flowers in the springtime.

CHAPTER XII

CELTIC CROSSES AND A STONE-AGE BURIAL MOUND

WE left Howth to go towards Monasterboice, but we took our time. We followed by-roads to the skerries and then never arrived there; stopped to look at birds, to re-arrange blankets, to change seats, and so forth, and every time we saw a sign we would all laughingly read, "Dublin 15 miles," or "Dublin 18 miles," because we had been going for perfect ages and had not been able to get farther from Dublin than that.

We passed a round tower at Swords. The tower at Monasterboice was about the highest we have seen—110 feet without the top. All the entire ones have the little conical cap pulled down over the top, but on many it is gone. This one has been gone since time immemorial and no one knows how it was destroyed. The tower had stairs, however, so it was the first we were able to climb up. There were modern platforms at the four windows and ladders from each one.

The fifth ladder brought us out onto the platform on top—quite a climb. Only one part of the wall was low enough to see over, and only then by wriggling up and hanging our chins over the edge. The wall was fully a yard thick—this for over 110 feet, when it was all made by hand!

The chief things at Monasterboice (Monastery of St. Buithe) are the three high crosses. Muirdach's cross is about the best known in Ireland. There is a copy of it in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but of course, copies are never as nice as originals.

There were two Muirdachs who were abbots of the monastery, one in eight hundred and something, the other in 924, and it is not sure for which one this cross was made. It is thought that if the latter had built it, he would have put the date, but there is none. The old caretaker, however, insisted that it was made in 924.

The whole is carved with little figures with much more detail than the one at Clonmacnoise. At the bottom of one side it says, "Pray for Muirdach for whom this cross was made." Above is St. Thomas feeling the wound in Christ's side, and another disciple; then the disciples receiving the two commandments; the crucifixion is on the top and arms, with the figure in the middle, the angels at the tomb on the right arm, and the soldiers tossing for the clothes on the left. On

the end of the right arm is St. Peter receiving the keys, and above Christ riding into Jerusalem. On the next side are Adam and Eve with the apple, and Cain killing Abel; above are David and Goliath and then Moses striking the rock. The Virgin and Child with the Magi are below St. Michael weighing out souls, and above that is the Last Judgment with the condemned on the left arm and the just on the right. On the bottom of the right arm is the hand of God supporting the world, and above Pilate washing his hands. There are many carvings of the everlasting rope, Celtic designs, and twisted snakes, made centuries after St. Patrick had banished the last snake.

The Cross of Buithe is known as the "High Cross". It is twenty-seven feet high and made out of three blocks of stone. It is much more graceful from a distance than the other one, which is shorter and thicker, but not as interesting because the figures are chipped and worn.

On both Crosses the figures are dressed in the clothing of the eighth century—drooping mustaches, cloaks fastened with shoulder pins and heavy buckles. There are many animals and birds in extra corners.

We spent the night in Drogheda, about which we had had numerous disagreements. Mother pronounced it Drogayda, Dad, Drovayda, and I,

Droheeda. It is pronounced more or less like "Dráwada."

Dad made some remark about "primitive conditions" in the little hotel we put up in. Some of the hotels we had been to were much more primitive. Ireland is not famed for hotels, but they are always fun, and with a sense of humour you don't mind. Anyway, we all grew fat on the simple, well-cooked food.

Next day we set out for New Grange as our first objective, and finally reached it after photographing donkeys and the Boyne valley. This was where the great Battle of the Boyne was fought which brought Protestant William of Orange to the throne of England, and put Catholicism under the heel for several centuries.

New Grange, less commonly known now by its old name of Brugh-Na-Boinne, contains the cemetery of the kings. The tumulus of Brugh-Na-Boinne is the largest and best. From the entrance in the hill a passage goes in for twenty yards to the burial chamber. At the entrance is a huge stone carved in spirals and lozenges. The passage which is narrow and low in places, and eight feet high in others, is made of huge stones, some carved and some plain. I think at one time it must have been wider but the stones now have slanted inward and some have to be wedged to keep them apart at all.

At the end of the passage is the chamber, twenty feet high. Off this branch three smaller chambers, each containing a stone basin. One of them is in several pieces, supposedly broken by the Danes when they came to plunder.

The roof is made of flat stones on their sides, which go up to one stone at the top, and are so arranged that if one were removed a large part of the wall, if not all, would tumble down.

The stones here have more carving than in the passage. One has a rude design of lines which is meant to be a ship; another has a fishbone or fern carving with ripples around it which represents the tree of life. Some of the roof stones and walls are covered with spirals, triangles, lozenges, and cup-shaped depressions.

It is supposed that the bodies were cremated in the stone basins, as charred human and animal bones have been found in other tumuli near by. The heart was torn out before cremation and placed in the urn with the ashes. The urn was then placed in a hole in the wall and a stone laid over it.

I received most of my information from the old caretaker, a woman who seemed to know a lot about the place and who very evidently loved it. Caretakers in Ireland seem to take an interest in their monuments which those elsewhere do not always do. They are interested in telling about

them and in pointing out, in a friendly way instead of in a superior way, things which might escape your notice. Mrs. Hickey seemed to have taken a fancy to us and told us things to that effect every few minutes. She wishes she could keep out the 'bus loads of people who come, and only admit the private parties, as the former are the ones who make trouble and carve their names all over the walls.

The tumulus was all made artificially, mostly of white quartz, so when it was finished it was a gleaming silver mound, but now it is nearly covered with grass, vines and trees.

Two large stones which were recently unearthed at the bottom of the tumulus are more beautifully carved than the others. This proved that the carving was done before the stones were placed. If the carving had been done afterwards the designs would be where they would show most and would be fitted in together, but as it is, the stones were carved and then just put where they would fit, regardless of looks; thus it is that much of the design is underground or hidden.

The people who made it, thousands of years before Christ, did not have enough architectural sense to plan things out much beforehand, though it is incredible that such early peoples did have enough building sense to do what they did. Some of the stones are higher than a man, and a few

go up ten or eleven feet. Most of the stones were brought here from a place four or five miles away, a long distance to carry such tons of weight without modern means of transportation. A few of the rocks are granite and could not have come from a place nearer than the Mourne Mountains, fifty miles off, but they may have been carried by glaciers of the Ice Age instead of by men.

Stonehenge, which is so famous, seems child's play to this monument that few people know about. The placing of the roof stones so each depends on another, is puzzling.

The passage and chamber, huge as they are, extend only a third of the way into the hill.

Another smaller tumulus is near by, and it is believed that there is a tunnel connecting the two. Excavations were just about to commence when we were there.

The tumulus was surrounded by a ring of large standing stones. From the eleven now standing, it has been figured out just how far apart they were and how many there were in the circle.

The religion of the race who built this huge tomb was probably connected with sun worship, for spirals and circles sometimes signify the sun. Also, when we stood in the centre chamber and blew out our candles, a small grey patch of daylight came up the tunnel right onto the very

middle of the back chamber. Mrs. Hickey said that on Midsummer Day the noon sun sends a beam on that spot.

The tumulus of Brugh-Na-Boinne, which is the largest, is mid-way between the two others of Dowth and Knowth. The one at Dowth is very interesting, but it has not as much carving as the one at New Grange.

It is roughly cruciform, like the larger one, with a passage and a chamber off the end and one off each side. The passage is lower than the other and the chamber not as big, though some of the stones there must be ten or eleven feet high and four or five wide. Off the right hand chamber is a small opening and then two other small chambers that are not seen unless you look carefully. At the beginning of the passage is a chamber off one side and another tunnel off the other. This one was more like the one at Dingle, being made of small stones with large ones across the roof, though it is not at all the same. It is only about three feet high, and has been proved to be of a later date than the burial chamber, though it connects with it. At the end of it is another small recess, also low, though higher than the passage.

The ring-fort at Dowth is the second largest in Ireland. It is much bigger than the one of

HERE COMES THE BRIDE! VILLAGERS AT THE CHURCH STEPS

THE GRANDDAD OF INISHMORE

THE BRIDE AND GROOM OF INISHMORE

EVERY COTTAGE HAS A CUPBOARD LIKE THIS

Brian Boru, but not as interesting, because it has fallen down more.

It was, by this time, almost three o'clock. We have our breakfast any time from eight-thirty to ten, our lunch between two and four and supper any time up to nine, with snacks in between.

We stopped at several places to see if they could give us bread and milk and finally were taken in at a little rose-covered cottage, with one dog, five children, several guinea-hens and many chickens in the small front yard.

We were set down in the tiny spick-and-span living room, where we consumed much tea and milk, three large plates of bread and butter, a heaping platter of potatoes and bacon, jam and other accessories.

Mrs. O'Neill, the mistress of the house, said that if she had known we were coming, she would have had some nice cabbage for us. We thanked Heaven that she hadn't known. Our week's menu for lunch is: Monday, mutton, cabbage and boiled potatoes; Tuesday, cabbage, mutton and boiled potatoes; Wednesday, mutton, boiled potatoes and cabbage: Thursday, cabbage, boiled potatoes and mutton; Friday, boiled potatoes, cabbage and mutton; Saturday, boiled potatoes, mutton and cabbage. They know how to cook cabbage and it is much better than any I have eaten before, but still—.

On Sunday we have variation of browned potatoes, roast beef or chicken and peas.

Tea usually consists of eggs, bacon, bread, butter and tea, but those are things you don't tire of. You can't get anything else unless you're in a city, and you usually get the same thing there, anyway.

Oh, well, you can stand anything if you laugh about it, and we certainly do that. Our family never was serious together for more than a minute. We got into hysterics at breakfast one morning when Mother was reading poetry to us. There was a poem that Bob and Amos wanted to hear, but Dad didn't, and she didn't want to read it, because it is the one we always ask for. Dad and Mother put thumbs down, the boys theirs up, and I one down and one up. I suggested that she read it once, and then not read it once. Dad said to not read it first. By the time the poem was read and our breakfast had arrived, we could hardly eat.

When we left the rose-covered cottage, the family acted as if we were lifelong friends. They tried to make presents of chickens, guinea-hens, made us promise to write when we reached home, asked us to call again and stay two days, invited the boys to stay a week and gave us all their names and addresses.

The famous Book of Kells is the most beauti-

fully illuminated manuscript in the world. It was made by St. Columba in the eighth century, and takes its name from the village in which he lived. The building in which it may have been written is a small oratory like the one in Killaloe, tall, pointed roof, thick walls, and Norman arch interior.

A ladder goes to the scriptorium. The ladder ends at a tiny hole, barely big enough to squeeze through. There are three small rooms, about six feet high in the centre and six wide at the bottom, but they slope with the roof, so are narrow at the top and low at the sides. In the room at each end there is a window a foot high by half that wide, and the middle room is dark except for the little light that comes through the three-foot high doors. They are not exactly luxurious quarters in which to spend several years writing and painting.

We saw only two pages of the book of Kells, which is in the Trinity College Library in Dublin, as they turn but a page a day and the book is only shown out of its case to people like George Bernard Shaw.

The Book is a copy of the four Gospels, with nineteen full page illustrations of the most intricate designs, symbols and letters. All the other pages have illuminated letters full of birds, animals and figures, and the colours are marvellous.

The lower part of the oratory is high ceiled and plain. At one end are St. Columba's armchair, cut in the wall, and his fireplace. You make a wish in the armchair.

CHAPTER XIII

FROM THE HILL OF TARA TO THE "DESERTED VILLAGE."

"NOW for the 'Harp that once,' " said Dad.

> The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed,
> Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
> As if that soul were fled.

It hangs on Tara's walls no longer though, because Tara's walls have disappeared, but we saw the harp in Trinity College Library. All the way to Tara we made remarks about "the Harp that once."

The Hill of Tara now is not much but history. By that, I mean that unless you know a little about it before you go, you wouldn't get much out of it. It was once the dwelling-place of the High Kings of Ireland. Now it is covered with mounds that were formerly the foundations of halls and buildings. The reason that not much is left is that Tara ceased to be an encampment

about the year 576, and all the buildings were of wood, though few buildings are made of wood in Ireland or England now.

The Tech Midchuarta (Banqueting Hall) is now a field with long mounds where the walls once were. The length was over 700 feet and the height 30 cubits. The hall contained forty tables. You can still see the doors, gaps in the mounds at the side, six on each side and one at each end.

The Duma Na mBan aMus was the Mound of the Female Mercenaries. Women used to fight just like the men until they finally "struck" and said they had enough to do with their families without fighting battles. An early example of Woman's Rights the other way around!

Other mounds and remains of forts on the hill top are the Duma Na Bo (Mound of the Cow), Raith Na Seanad (Fort of the Synods), Duma Na nGiall (Mound of the Hostages), Raith Ne Riogh (Fort of the Kings). On the Raith Na Forradh, the (royal) Seat, is a none too lovely modern statue of St. Patrick and a pillar stone which is called by some people the Lia Fal, the Stone of Destiny. When the semi-mythical race of the Tuatha De Danaan came to Ireland, they came from four different cities, Falias, Findias, Murias and Gorias.

From Falias they brought the Stone of Fal,

which roared when the rightful king was crowned on it. According to some, this stone was taken to Scotland, and later carried to London where it is now in the Coronation Chair as the Stone of Scone. According to others, the stone on Tara is the true Lia Fal.

From Findias the De Danaan brought a magical sword, from Murias a pot from which no guest went hungry, and from Gorias, a powerful spear.

The De Danaan landed in Ireland and defeated the Fir Bolgs, men of the bags, so called because of their bagpipers, who then had possession of Erin. The Tuatha De Danaan lived in the land for many years, and many are the tales of their heroes and battles.

They were finally conquered by the Milesians, but they begged leave to stay in the land, to dwell in the hills and lakes. In front of all the Milesian troops, they passed into the mountains which opened to receive them. They are there now, but they are no longer tall and magnificent. Now, they are small; the Little People or the Good People.

Having seen Tara, we had to slip back to Dublin to see the magnificent old Irish gold ornaments in the National Museum. The Tara Brooch is about the best known—a large, circular pin covered with precious stones and filigree work.

There are many Stone Age tools found in peat bogs and gravel banks. Dad wanted to discover some, so every time we passed a bog or gravel bed for days afterwards, he would exclaim, "I bet there are axes in there!"

The casts of the Irish coins are in this Museum. The money is the most beautiful I have seen. The designs are of animals, as it is an agricultural country. The half-penny has a sow and a litter of piglets, the penny, a hen and chicks, the threepence, a hare, the sixpence, a wolf-hound, and the others, a salmon, a horse, and a bull, with the Harp on the other side of every coin.

As we left Dublin, we saw four swans in a ditch—the children of Lir, maybe. The story of "The Children of Lir" is one of the Three Sorrows of Ireland. And the Fate of the Children of Lir is as follows:

Bodb Dearg was given the kingship and it pleased Lir not, but when Lir's wife died, Bodb gave him Aobh for a wife, the eldest of his three foster daughters.

Aobh had a son and a daughter, Aodh and Fionnuala, and then two sons, Fiachra and Conn, but she died in giving birth to the two boys. Bodb Dearg did not want his friendship with Lir broken, so he gave him his second foster daughter, Aoife, for a wife.

ALISON RIDES SILVERMANE IN THE FASHION OF AN ARANMAN

MOTHER GOES NATIVE AT INISHMAAN

ST. MARYLEBONE

OUR CURRAGH REACHES INISHMAAN

THE ROCKY ARANS PROVIDE A NATURAL FLOOR FOR HAND THRESHING

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Aoife loved the four children for a while, but then she became jealous. She ordered her attendants to kill them, but they refused. She did not have the strength to do it herself, so she changed them into swans, leaving them their human voice, but dooming them to spend three hundred years on Loch Dairbhreach, three hundred years on Sruth na Maoile, three hundred at Irrus Domnann, and the same on Inis Gluaire, and not to return to their human forms until the Woman of the South met the Man from the North.

The four children of Lir suffered many hardships, and many times almost died, but through it all Fionnuala comforted her brothers.

When the twelve centuries were up, they returned to their father's dwelling place to find nothing but hills and nettles.

After Patrick had brought the faith of Christ into Ireland, Saint Mochaomhog came to Inis Gluaire where they had stayed. They went with him to his house and heard Mass.

Lairgnen, King of Connacht, married Deoch, daughter of Finghin, and that was the coming together of the Man of the North and the Woman of the South.

Lairgnen went to get these swans which Deoch had heard of and wanted. He put his hands on them to take them by force, and in place of the

swans were three withered old men and a withered old woman.

They were baptized by Saint Mochaomhog and died and were buried together.

We wanted to go to "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain" about which Oliver Goldsmith wrote "The Deserted Village." Dad stopped to photograph a landscape, and Mother and I asked an old chap who came along where the Goldsmith house was. He directed us, and we started discussing other things. When he found out that we were Americans, he almost fell on our necks, and started talking about how much better off Ireland would be if America had the running of her. He talked on at great length about America and Americans in general. This was partly blarney, but it is very gratifying everywhere the way the country people hug us mentally when we say we are Americans. Mother has almost been kissed by old women in shawls because of her nationality. Many tell us that Ireland couldn't exist but for the United States, and when you think that there are eight million Irishmen in America and only four million in Ireland, it may be true in a measure.

Everyone has relatives or friends in one of our big cities and we are always told about them at great length, where they work, where they live, where they used to work.

This old chap was still talking about his two sons and his daughter in Boston when Dad came up talking to another old chap who was driving a herd of bullocks. He told us a different way to reach the Goldsmith House, but the first one didn't argue, he agreed perfectly, though he had directed us elsewhere.

(Later when the one with the bullocks had gone on, I asked him if he hadn't told us a different route. "Shure, an' ye can go ayther way, but my way is the betther.")

Now the two of them started to discuss everything around us.

"That round tower on that hill over there—it's in Kilkenny West, an' it's the exact centher of Ireland, so it is," said one.

"Shure, and it is that," agreed his friend.

"There's a place over here at Athlone is supposed to be the exact centher. The last government survey says it is and they have it painted on the side of a building there, but it isn't. It was always said to be the centher—always and niver was."

"Always and niver was," came the echo. Then they started a discussion on Oliver Goldsmith. They had both read a lot about him and spoke very learnedly, and though they spoke vehemently, as if they were trying to convince each

other of something, they agreed on almost every point.

"Oliver Goldsmith wasn't born here, but he was brought up here, right in this village, in that house down the road," said the first crony.

"He was that, an' he was a great man, he was intirely," came from the one with the bullocks.

"Now this hill here, that's Auburn hill. That's why he called the village 'Auburn' in his poem.'

"Yes, an' it makes a nice photograph, or a sketch, maybe."

"Now there's a nice spot over here ye could photograph—a little lake an' trees, an' you should see the castle up here."

They talked much about Oliver Goldsmith and his works. We bade them good day and went on up the road and passed right by the house, in spite of the double directions. We asked some one about it and learned that we were under the "spreading tree" where the sports were held in the prosperous days of the village, which is really named Lissoy.

We found the house, which is set back a little distance from the road. This is where Oliver Goldsmith's father lived "passing rich on forty pounds a year." As we alighted from the car the bullocks passed us and the old man called back that we should go to Edgeworthstown where Maria Edgeworth wrote her famous novels,

which her father nearly ruined by filling full of morals. "You should see the house. It would make a nice photograph or a sketch, maybe."

Not much is left of the Goldsmith house now, though it must have been pretty substantial once. The thick stone front and part of one wall still stand, but a cow shed is built inside and chickens roost in the windows. We borrowed a reader from a child in a nearby cottage, and Dad read most of "The Deserted Village" to us on a stone wall right by the house.

We ate lunch in a field and then went to the Inn of "The Three Jolly Pigeons" near which we had been told was a mill about which a poem was written. An old woman who owned it was offered three hundred pounds some years ago for a millstone, but she refused the offer. The one millstone now lies in front of the door to the Inn and is all that is left of "The Busy Mill," which was the title of the poem by an Irish poet.

We passed the old man and his cattle again, for the last time.

The road lay through miles of peat bogs, covered with heather and other flowers, with piles of peat drying in the sun.

Tuam is famed for its number of thatched roofs in a town of its size. Some of the cottages were lovely as we drove through, many of them

light blue or green. One had vines trained around the windows and under the thatch in sort of a border.

On the way from Tuam to Galway we suddenly found ourselves between an old castle and a heavenly abbey, which we had come upon with surprising swiftness. Claregalway Abbey was set in a clump of trees in a hayfield and stood out against a twilight sky. Cromwell's soldiers smashed it up, but they couldn't prevent the ruins from being beautiful.

In this country, we were passing the site of the Battle of Moytura, when the De Danaan drove the Fir Bolgs out of all the main part of Ireland. We saw their fortresses, their last stands, later in the Aran Islands.

Galway city is fascinating. It is right on the water, in one of the most Irish parts of Ireland. When Cromwell came on his tour of ravaging Ireland, he never reached Connaught. He sent his soldiers, who banged things up pretty well, but it wasn't quite the same, so many of the people in the provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Ulster fled to Connaught. That is the main reason why Connaught is the most Irish place in Ireland now. English families settled in the other places, but there were fewer here and the Irish blood was not as mixed.

We saw our first red petticoats here—barefoot women wearing them, with bright blue checked aprons and marvellously patterned heavy brown shawls, often with baskets of fish on their heads.

The Claddagh used to be a separate fishing village, but now Galway has grown around it. One person told me that the inhabitants are descendants of sailors from the Spanish Armada who were washed ashore when the ships were wrecked, and settled on a little Island at the head of Galway Bay. It is an island no more, because it is connected with the mainland by many bridges. All the houses are little whitewashed cottages, thatched. One of the men who was thatching as we passed said that the houses had been there since the time of the Danes. They date from the Armada, anyway, and even that is quite a while for a house to be lived in. It is strange to find anything so primitive in the centre of the city.

Dad had taken pictures of a crowd of boys playing hurley, and when they saw me walk by with my camera slung over my shoulder, they clamoured to be photographed again. I sat them all down and prepared to take the picture. By the time I had my camera ready, there were at least thirty boys and girls from two to twelve. They

all shouted for me to take their names, but I only took those of the three captains and promised to send them prints.

The little village is very pretty inside, though it is dreadfully dirty in all directions, just as the children are. Inside there are little alleys which end in green plots with the houses grouped around them.

CHAPTER XIV

GREY ISLANDS IN THE ATLANTIC

I KNEW a song once which began, "Six o'clock of a shining morn we start our little day." I hadn't started a day at six for months, and Dad said I would have to stay up all night to do it, as I had been sleeping till nine all summer, but the steamer went at seven, so there was no help for it. I had forgotten how early six is. It was dim and dark when we hauled ourselves out of bed but we managed to dress, eat breakfast, and get into the taxi.

"Wouldn't it be awful if the boat went by Standard Time and we had to wait for an hour," said Mother.

Luckily it didn't, and we left a few minutes after we had boarded. The Aran Islands were our destination. The three islands of Inishmore, Inisheer and Inishmaan, lie about thirty miles west of Galway and have been inhabited for thousands of years, though Inishmore, the largest, is only nine miles long by about two wide.

It was rough crossing and the little steamer pitched quite a lot. There were many birds around us—black-backed, brown-headed, kittiwake, and herring gulls, gannets, shearwaters, guillemots, cormorants. The sky was heavenly. At first it was cloudy and we saw a rainbow on the hills, but later it cleared and patches of sunlight chased each other across the coast.

At Inisheer four curraghs, with three men rowing in each, came out to bring mail and get packages. These curraghs are light canvas covered row-boats. The islanders have always been fishermen, but never sailors. They go from island to island and to the mainland in these light boats carrying animals and cargo in them, but they never have gone out of sight of land until recently.

At the dock of Inishmore we were directed to one of the two jaunting cars by some people we had met on the boat.

"How much do I owe you?" Dad asked Pat Mullin, our driver, as we reached the hotel which had been recommended.

"That's nothing. Ye'll be taking a trip around the island with me later, so from the wharf to the hotel is thrown in free," answered Pat Mullin, who became a steadfast friend during our stay.

Ganly's Hotel was a lovely little place in the largest village on the island, Kilronan, which is

about three or four times the size of any of the thirteen other villages. Mother was excited about sleeping under a thatched roof. We had a four room annex all to ourselves. It made us feel quite grand to have a house of our own again.

Irish hotels are not famed, but when they are nice, they are very, very nice. We always try to stay in private ones outside the towns, and they are comfortable.

We went outside to the town pump when we had had some "breakfast." It was one o'clock, but meals depend on the boat and the tide. The "Dun Ængus" comes twice a week, and meals are served at the time she arrives.

There was a boy at the pump with a donkey which Bob and Amos looked at longingly. I was talking to an old woman in a shawl and said something about the donkey. She called the boy in Irish and he brought it over for Amos to mount. He couldn't make the beast go fast, and Bob did little better. We found out later that the donkey was twenty years old, so I don't really blame it for not wanting to trot around with two heavy boys.

All the people here speak Irish among themselves, and many can speak no English.

There are only two Protestants on the island, and the Protestant church went out of use soon after it was built. A minister comes over once

every couple of months and holds a service for the two Protestants.

Many of the women wear red petticoats, and blue or black aprons, with patterned heavy brown shawls, or plain black ones. There were several women by the pump whom I talked with. One had been a trained nurse in the United States for several years, but had come back to her old home and her country.

The little town is very pretty, built on a hillside, most of the houses thatched, and with no automobiles at all. One man had an automobile here once but it didn't stay long. Another man planned to "develop" the island—put a moving platform around it so you could be transported without effort, but he went into a shop and had a "dhrop of the crayture," and was never heard of again, as Pat Mullin put it.

Mr. Mullin came around to see if we wanted him that afternoon and asked me to come up to his garden to get all the carnations I could carry for our rooms.

He had been in America but came back again. When Mother asked him if love of Ireland brought him back, he said, "That might have something to do with it."

"There is a rock in the North of Ireland," said Mother, "which, if you sit on it before you go away, will insure you against homesickness."

"Is there that? Some one ought to take a blast of dynamite and blow it all to pieces, such a thing," he said with vehemence.

Most of the Irish are fiercely patriotic, and some of the greatest Irish poems were written about the struggles for freedom.

Six in a side-car seemed like a squeeze, but there is always room for one more on those jolly things. The rocky road winds around the coast between stone walls, and through villages of three or four houses. Every bit of the land is measured off into fields, and every field is surrounded by a stone wall. Some of the fields are large and in places where the soil is better than the rest, little corners are walled off for gardens. Not much is grown, because the whole island is rock and the soil is shallow; also, the fields are full of stones.

The Fort of Angus, Dun Ængus, is on a hill towards the west end of the island. The best view is from the inner fort. This is on the very top of the hill, built of pieces of the limestone which covers the hill. The walls are very thick and the inside is built in tiers. Steps go from one to the next, and then, instead of continuing up to the top, the steps to the third rampart are in a different place, so if an enemy took the fort they couldn't rush right up to the top, but would have to walk around the wall to another place.

There is only one door to the inner fort, and it looks as if it was a well-nigh impregnable place when the door was safely guarded.

Around this inner fort, but a short distance off, is another wall, not as thick or as heavy, but quite strong anyway. Near the only level place where men could form for a charge, another short wall is built that just begins and ends close to the second wall.

Outside the second wall is a *chevaux de frise* of sharp stones placed on end and pointing outwards, thickly set. Any enemy who went through that in a hurry would be pretty badly torn to pieces, and if he didn't go quickly, he would be shot down.

Around the whole thing is an outer stone wall, the lowest of the three, and in one tier.

The inner fort goes around in a semi-circle and ends where the cliffs drop 380 feet sheer into the sea. I don't think there would be many attacks from that side. Mr. Mullin said that some people think the inner fort was once a complete circle, and that some of the cliff fell away. As the fort was built perhaps five thousand years ago, this seems possible. Also, the platform which is supposed to have been a dais for the throne, or High Seat of the king, is right by the edge of the cliff, and it isn't likely that it would have been made there. It was probably made

originally somewhere near the centre of the fort.

The fort is supposed to have been built by the Firbolgs, the second of the five races of people who are thought to have inhabited Ireland. When the Tuatha De Danaan came to Ireland, the Firbolgs beat them the first day at Moytura, where the battle was fought, but the De Danaan rallied and vanquished them the second day. The Firbolgs are described as "small dark people," but Mr. Mullin thinks they were the most magnificent race who have inhabited Ireland. The only reason they lost the Battle of Moytura was because they had grown soft with ages of not fighting.

We left the fort and walked over the rocky fields to the "Worm Hole," talking fast. Mr. Mullin, some one told us afterwards, reads a great deal, and he seemed to know about everything that was mentioned. The talk ranged from German inventions to Inca and Pre-Inca civilization. He knew a lot about South America, what is being done and what is going to be done there.

The "Worm Hole" is a natural swimming pool. It is a large rectangular hole on the limestone, worn by the water, with a subterranean inlet. A Frenchman tried to swim from the pool to the sea some years ago, but he hasn't come out yet. At high tide the sea comes over the edges and covers the pool. It is called the Worm Hole be-

cause when it is the least bit rough the water in the pool froths and foams and the foam goes up into a worm-shaped column in the air and then blows away.

On the way back, Mr. Mullin told us the story of Cuchulain's son. Cuchulain was the greatest legendary hero of Irish mythology and every Irishman knows the stories of his great feats.

This tale was about Cuchulain's winning of his wife, Emer, and of the repulsion of invaders by Cuchulain's son.

All through it were little couplets:

"And he cleared with a mighty bound
Nine acres of potato ground."

And then describing a champion:

" . . . Oscar
Skins of tigers and wild beasts wore,
And like the lion's was his roar."

When he had finished Bob asked, "Where does the poetry come from?"

"The poetry just makes itself up," said Mr. Mullin.

When the women on the islands ride horseback, they ride behind a man, bareback. They say there are two saddles on Inishmore, but neither

FEATURING THE ARAN ISLAND HAIRCUT

SOME OF THE FAIRIES WE REALLY SAW ON INISHMAAN

ST. MARY LEDDIE

WE EXPLORE THE PREHISTORIC UNDERGROUND PASSAGES OF DINGLE

THE BOYS OF INISHMAAN FAVOR PETS, PETTICOATS, AND PAMPOOTIES

was in evidence during our stay. I had never ridden bareback, but I wasn't going to let a good horse live three doors away without riding him, so Mr. Mullin took us to the field where Silver Mane was kept.

I rode around the field two or three times, and then hunted for shamrock while Bob and "A" took turns on the horse.

I had always lived under the impression that the bare back of a horse was rather slippery and that a rider slid around unless he clung tightly, but the only real difference is in not having stirrups.

I rode the half mile or so to the hotel and passed Mother and our friends from the boat, who had walked down. The horse was walking as I passed, and Mother said. "She does well to stick on at all. It's her first ride bareback."

I started to trot just as she said that, and the second she finished I almost went off. I threw both arms around Silver Mane's neck and saved myself by a hair. Things like that always happen when you have just been congratulated.

After that, though I had mostly regained my balance, it was rather "tippy," because the horse wouldn't slow down. Everyone stared as I went through the village, for knickers are never worn by the women there, and only once in a while by tourists, so the boys, especially, made remarks

to each other after I had passed. One small boy started forward to catch the rope bridle as I slid to one side, but I smiled reassuringly and kept my balance.

Inishmaan is the most primitive of the islands. All the small boys there wear red petticoats sometimes until they are twenty-one. The devil steals little boys, but not little girls, but when the boys have petticoats on, he thinks they are little girls, so he leaves them alone.

On this island, marriages are always arranged by the parents. They make arrangements one day, go to the priest, and the couple is married the next day to prevent the possibility of their getting out of it.

We made a record crossing by curragh. These canvas boats are wonderful, rowed by three men, each with a pair of bladeless oars. The oars are bladeless mostly because they are fastened to thole-pins in such a way that they cannot be feathered.

There are no seats for passengers, but there is plenty of room. I sat in the bow, mostly under the shelter of the upcurving sides, but even at that I was wet in spots when we reached our destination.

On the way we passed over a little spit of sand which is uncovered at low tide. At the end of the spit is a tiny island, Straw Island, just a wee

bit bigger than the lighthouse which now stands on it. Two saints are buried on this piece of land, Saint Gregory and Saint Enda.

Gregory was a very wicked man from the North of Ireland. He came here to Saint Enda, who was much renowned, and after hearing him preach, asked if he might live there in the settlement. He lived there for the rest of his life, becoming a very holy man. When he was dying, Enda said that they would be buried together on the little island, but Gregory said no, he was not good enough to be buried with Saint Enda. Finally he made the monks and the hermits promise to bury him in the sound between the two islands. They did so, but the next morning the coffin was floated onto the shore of the island. He was thrown in again, and again the coffin came back, and yet a third time. They knew then that he was a better man than they, and he was buried on Straw Island.

The beach where we landed on Inishmaan is all rocks and rock pools, full of sea urchins covered with spines, sea anemones, water snails and plants.

The crews of each curragh carried the boats up the beach, getting under them as canoes are carried. The black boat upside down, and the three men underneath, looked like a beetle.

We walked up a narrow road between stone

walls for about a mile and a half to the village which is the main port. When a boat lands on the beach here, the whole village turns out to greet it.

Once when two girls rowed themselves over from the larger island, there was no one to help the boat ashore. Finally an old man came down and asked who they were.

It seemed that the populace had thought they were men come to collect the dog licenses. Though the islands are covered with dogs, there are no licenses. One man said that if there were, there wouldn't be more than two dogs on the three islands.

When the old man announced that the girls were harmless, all the people popped up from behind the rocks where they had been hiding.

All along the road men were cutting hay or threshing grain by hand. They each take a bundle of grain and beat it on the rocks.

The fields are the size of pocket handkerchiefs, and the island is a network of stone walls. I never saw so much stone in my life. I didn't know there could be so much in such a small place. Not only are the fields bordered with high walls, but most of them look as if a stone was never taken out of them.

We met several small boys in petticoats. Dad wanted to photograph one of them but as most

of them are rather shy, he told a boatman to ask the boy if he would allow his dog to be photographed. That was agreed to, and the boy held his dog's collar looking as proud as could be because his dog was being photographed. We asked his name so we could send him a print of it.

One of the men replied, for him, as the boy spoke practically no English, "John Flaherty John!" The reason for this is that there are half a dozen John Flahertys on the island, so the father's first name is put after each one. We learned later that we would have to address Pat Mullin as "Padraic Mullin John."

Every house in the village was whitewashed and thatched, the first village we had seen which was entirely so. Mother told one of our boatmen that we wanted to see some of the cupboards in the houses, so he took us into several where he knew people. The cupboards on the middle island are all painted in bright colours. The houses are all the same inside, full of peat smoke and none too clean. There is a door in front and one in back of the living room-dining room-kitchen-and-sometimes bedroom, all in one. The cupboard full of old china is on one side and a peat fire on the other, and a bedroom opens off at right and left.

We were to have tea with an Inishmaan friend of a Mr. and Mrs. Laird, who were our fellow visitors to the Arans. The sweet old woman im-

mediately "fell hard" for Bobbie because he went up in the loft and brought peat down for the fire.

Tea was served in the best bedroom. The bread had just been taken out of the pot oven and was still warm. The pot oven is a pot with the cover fitted in about four inches below the top. The bread or meat is put in, and then the space between the cover and the top is filled with coals.

A two weeks old donkey, the smallest one we had seen, was in the field in back of the house with his mother. We got within eight feet of him to take pictures, but when we were any closer than that, he would wobble around to the other side of his mother to hide.

We stopped at more cottages on the way up to the top of the hill. In one of them was a spinning wheel, with the woman spinning. The wool had been carded, but in some places it is used just as it comes off the sheep's back.

Mother was looking at one of the beautiful hand woven belts which the women wind around them two or three times over their red petticoats. The woman offered to sell it to her, and Mother decided to take it. While the woman was taking it off her best petticoat to which it was sewed, they offered us everything else in the cottage, just in joke, from the cradle to the dresser. "I'll take the baby," said Mother, laughing, but that was the one thing they wouldn't offer.

Later when we were talking about it, Mother remarked, "I would like to take the baby and give it a scrub. I don't think it has ever had one, or any other child on the island."

Amos said, "A tidal wave full of soap should wash over the island and penetrate every house."

The only objection raised was that the soap would get in the babies' eyes; otherwise, it would be a grand idea.

Not many people on this island speak English. The only people who go there from outside are teachers who come to learn Irish as it is spoken, and they of course speak Irish when they are there.

In one house there were a girl of about twenty, her mother, a middle aged woman, and her grandmother, quite old and doubled over a cane with rheumatism, the three of them dressed just alike in the red petticoats and shawls. The mother was the only one who spoke English enough to converse. The daughter knew only a few words. The grandmother had one of them ask me, "What should I use for my rheumatism?" I'm afraid I didn't know very much about it.

There is another old fort of the Firbolgs on the top of the hill here, Dun Connor. There are others on the island, but this one is the best, though at that, it doesn't come near Dun Ængus. It isn't nearly as large and has fallen a bit in

places, but it is marvellous. You can see most of the island from the walls. It is a great place for fairies.

On the way up, Mother had asked a boatman about fairies, and after he had assured himself that her face was serious, he said that his nephew had seen two fairies several years before.

Dad happened to be talking to a boy of seventeen about the same subject and learned that he had seen a fairy also. Everyone agrees that "a fairy is the size of a three to five year old child, and very beautiful."

Dad was asking this boy about his occupation. "What do you do, go fishing?"

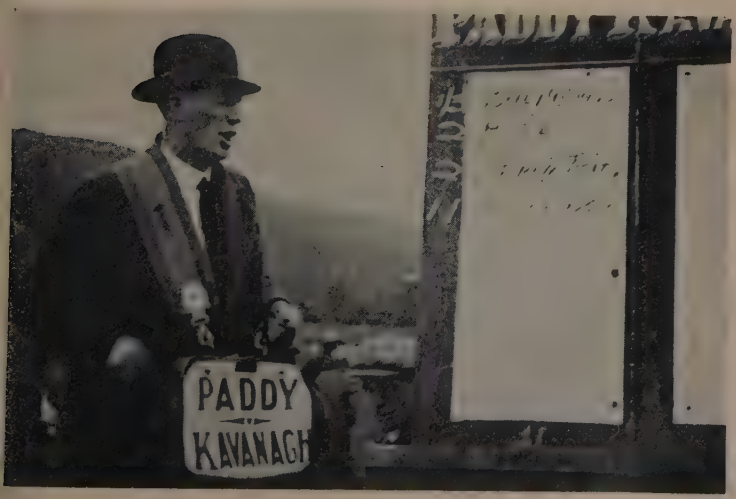
"Oh, no, sir, I'm not old enough."

Fishing is a man's job, and a boy is not allowed to go until he is twenty or twenty-one. Until then, he works in the fields.

These people on the islands are very intelligent, and yet they all live in the most primitive way. It seems incredible that they will live like that when they are so intelligent in other ways.

Half the people on the island knew us by the time we left. When we reached the beach, we ate the basket of sandwiches which the boatman, whom we called "the Pirate" among ourselves, had carried all over with us. It had been rather amusing all day because everywhere we had gone the six boatmen went with us, and when we had

PORTRAIT OF ALISON, BOB, AND AMOS AT
MONASTERBOICE: FIND THE ROUND TOWER



PADDY HOLDS THE STAKES AT THE CLIFDEN RACES

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

WINNERS! ROSE AND HER YOUTHFUL JOCKEY, PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE RAIN AT THE CLIFDEN RACES

tea in the cottage, they draped themselves around the wall in front.

We called this one the Pirate because he looked like Smee in "Peter Pan," or any pirate of the complacent type. His face was round as the full moon, and he had a never ending grin. He was dumpy and fat and Oh *so* complacent looking. Smee was the one who named his cutlass Johnny Corkscrew, because he wiggled it cheerfully when he took it out of someone, and our boatman gave just that impression. We all rather fell for him, but his eternal grin made us give an internal grin whenever we looked at him. He was the captain of our craft.

CHAPTER XV

AN ARAN ISLAND WEDDING

PAT MULLIN was at the wharf to meet us. I was just wondering if he would be there when I saw him. He said that he had arranged for us to go to the dance at the post office that evening, and to the wedding next day. If we hadn't had Mr. Mullin to show us what we ought to see, we wouldn't have had nearly as good a time on that island as we did.

The dance was given by the family of the young postmaster and most of the people there were teachers who were studying Irish. I was watching the dancing so intently that I didn't see what I afterwards learned. Mr. Mullin over on the staircase called one of the teachers and said that he didn't know whether I would dance or not, as I had never done that kind of dancing before, but he wanted to see. Mr. "Mac" came over bravely and asked me to dance a set. I said that I didn't know how. "Oh, well, we'll drag you through somehow."

It wasn't as bad as it had looked, though of course I didn't get the steps right. Four couples were dancing and when I was doing a figure with the man opposite me, we did it the wrong way around.

"That *isn't* the orthodox fashion," said Mr. "Mac" very gravely, shaking his head at the depravity of our dancing.

It was mostly group dancing, but there were a few individual hornpipes and jigs. I don't see how the groups ever managed in that tiny kitchen, with people all around and half a dozen couples dancing, but they did. Mr. "Mac" kept everyone laughing all the time by cutting capers with his partner.

We left early—about one o'clock. We had gone upstairs earlier to get our coats, and they had insisted on our stopping for some tea. While we were eating, about twelve of us, it came up that there were two ghosts in that vicinity. No one could tell me who they were until I had seen them.

We all started off on a walk the next day to go to the wedding, but we didn't know when it was. We just happened to land at the church, three miles away, about a minute before it started. Everyone was standing around outside. When we went in, the men went on one side and the women on the other.

A man left a seat in the back and kneeled in the front pew. Another man stood on one side of him and a girl on the other. A woman came up, stepped over his legs and kneeled beside him. Then when the priest came out I realized that this was the couple.

The first part of the service was in Irish and the rest in Latin. It was very short and simple.

Both the bride and groom were very shy and wouldn't look at each other.

Dad wanted to take pictures of them, so he asked Pat Mullin to arrange it.

"There's nobody else on the island they'd do that for but me," he whispered to me, as they posed before the camera. The bride was a distant cousin of his, and he seemed very proud of the fact.

Neither of the bride's parents was present. They had stayed home to get the house ready for the guests, we were told.

Everyone was talking in front of the church while we were waiting for another jaunting car. Mr. "Mac" and two other men got on one horse bareback, and started cantering up and down, sending everyone into fits of laughter.

There were four jaunting cars in the procession that finally left for Seven Churches, the village where the two families lived. It was a gay parade. The bride and groom went first, with

half a dozen little girls packed around them on the car. There were about eight piled on the second one; but there were only six on ours—Pat Mullin and his son "P-J", a mischievous looking rascal of thirteen, rejoicing mightily in a pair of new shoes, Mrs. Laird, Mother, Amos and I; but the last car came along with nine. Behind that were half a dozen horses each carrying two boys or men.

The horses were feeling gay so we raced all the way at breakneck speed over the pebbly road, calling to everyone we passed and having our ranks swelled by more double-loaded horses. By the time we reached Seven Churches there were a dozen horses, and everyone was singing and shouting.

A baby donkey was frightened by the hullabaloo and galloped along between two side cars. He was so frightened of the one behind him that he went with us until we stopped. Amos and I went over to pat him, but then his mother came up, and we vanished, not wishing to feel her heels.

There was a little crowd where we unloaded. The bride's mother came around to shake hands with everyone. We all went down to the little house, where the dancing began right away.

The groom's father, an old man totally blind, danced a reel most marvellously. Mrs. Laird said that his *chef d'œuvre* was what was called

"The Salmon Leap." He would lie flat on the ground on his stomach and then, without using his hands at all, would leap up into the air. He is too old to do it now, though, and that was what made him blind.

Pat Mullin was playing the accordion with much zest when we went in to tea, which was again served in the best bedroom. The long table was piled with biscuits and heaps of bread and jam. We were served in instalments of eight at a time. Mrs. Laird said, "It shows that we are guests of honour because we have tea in the second lot as soon as the bride and her party have finished." We felt duly honoured.

We left, with many promises to return and wandered down the road to greet the men, who had walked from the church. We had our lunch in knapsacks and, as the tea and bread had not made much impression, we ate it in a field.

The Seven Churches, dating from the earliest Christian times, are in a field near by. They are small ones and now are mostly ruined. There are several old stones in the cemetery, some of them with Irish carvings, and I think a saint or two is buried there. In one corner are the stones of four old Romans and it is more or less of a mystery how they got there, for Ireland was never part of the Roman Empire.

When we went back to the wedding there

were at least sixty people in the twelve by fourteen foot kitchen, and twenty more in the bedroom. The place was terribly stuffy, so we stayed near the door as much as we could, but different members of the entertaining families kept urgently inviting us in. We wanted to get away; we had seven miles to walk back to Kilronan. Every time one of us got outside, the others wouldn't be there, and while waiting for them we would be hospitably reinvited to come in where we could see the dancing. It was all very nice of them, but we did want to get home before morning.

Dad was taken off by the groom and given a taste of real Irish poteen, otherwise known as "a dhrop of the crayture."

"A sip of that stuff is enough to kick a mule from here to the mainland," remarked Dad when he came out.

Finally we all collected outside the door. Some of us had been talking with a little old man who had done a jig inside very gravely. He was a character—not as tall as Amos, his head cocked on one side, a very wise expression, one eye open and one half closed. He didn't speak much English and would pause a while between each word. Dad wanted to photograph him, so he stood up against the wall of the house, cane in hand, looking as proud as a peacock. A dozen children

gathered beside him to be in the picture, but he stood there majestically and paid no attention to them.

Another man, as large as the first was small, said to us, "Pat Coneely Doctor" (called so because his grandfather was nicknamed doctor) "is king of the island" (there was nothing in that) "and he is eighty-four years old. He is the grandfather of everyone in the house there."

There were fully a hundred persons in and around the house, and some of them were almost as old as the little old man, so we didn't quite see how he could be grandfather of all of them.

This large man wanted to keep Bob for a few years. "I have a daughter about your age, but she's not so tall. I'd like to have you-er-eh-er —get acquainted."

We all laughed at Bob, and he laughed too, but the man sounded very serious when he said it.

"You won't stay with me then?" he asked as we started to walk along.

"I think not this time, thank you," said Bob.

Pat Coneely Doctor walked a way with us, talking in a mixture of English and Irish.

Between the house and the road we met several relatives of the bride and groom and stopped to talk to them all. They all wanted us to stay longer, but we said that we must go on.

Every once in a while the Doctor would shake hands with us all around and would continue walking! Mr. Laird asked him to sit down for a photograph, a long one, a time exposure. When the little man saw the sketch all done in the note-book, he was prouder (if possible) than before.

He finally turned back to the wedding after walking a mile or more with us. Mr. Laird said something about him to the next man we met—we talked to everyone here. "He's a grand old fellow. Eighty-four years old and he still dances!"

"Eighty-four!" said this one. "He isn't more than seventy-five."

A little while later we asked some one else about him.

"How old is he? Oh, about sixty."

If we had kept on asking I think he would have kept on growing younger and younger, but we found out the next day from someone who knew, that he was about seventy-five.

Mr. Mullin passed us with the musicians on his car and offered to come back and take us home, but we kept on walking as it was growing chilly. We met Mr. "Mac" and a friend garbed in a mixture of pyjamas, old skirts, bathing caps, old hats and umbrellas.

"How is it coming along?" they asked.

"Fine," said Dad, "but the fun won't begin until you arrive."

We had dinner (which had been ordered for eight) sometime after ten o'clock. It was good then anyway, for Mrs. Ganly has been in America and gave us American food.

Amos and I went on a walk the next morning to look for one of the hand woven belts for him. We thought the weaver in a village three miles away might have one. He didn't, but we had a nice walk in the pouring rain. Every one on the island knew us, though we had been there only five days. People we didn't remember having seen before would call, "You're going home to-day?" Mother later bought a belt right off a small boy for Amos.

We knew everyone on the wharf when the *Dun Ængus* came in. Pat Mullin was there to see us off, all our boatmen were standing around; everyone who had been at the post office was down to bid the teachers good-bye. One of them took out a violin and started to fiddle on the wharf, and the two groups sang an Irish song as we swung around.

Pat Mullin has promised to come to my wedding if I let him know in time, so I may see him again. I hope so. He has a daughter in America now who holds the step dancing championship of the world.

The figures on the wharf grew indistinct, and the Aran islands faded quickly into the mist.

CHAPTER XVI

A CONNEMARA PROPOSAL AND OUR DONKEY PICNIC

I KNEW about Connemara mainly through the paintings of Grace and Paul Henry, and I knew that it is one of the most beautiful parts of Ireland. The road we took goes through miles of bog, covered with heather, whose flowers were much larger than any we had seen. Piles of peat cut for the winter supply lay everywhere.

On the right rose the peaks of the Twelve Pins, high and massive in the mist, for it was pouring rain and very foggy. We couldn't see very far, but we could get a good idea of what it must be like on a fair day. It was not rocky, like the coast of County Galway, and very little was cultivated. It was just wild stretches of sweeping bog land, without a human being in sight, made wilder by the sheets of rain which swept across the moors.

The next day was just as rainy, but we were so

thoroughly soaked that we had reached the point where we didn't care much, though I did wish my left elbow wouldn't be so damp.

There were horse races on at Clifden, so we satisfied our hunger with cookies and bananas instead of having lunch, in order to stop and watch them. The local horse races all over Ireland give one of the best pictures of Irish life. By this time it was only raining in streaks, not that anybody minds rain at races, but it was a little pleasanter to have it let up.

The horses were ridden mostly by boys of about thirteen, and there was quite a lot of betting with the bookmakers. A roulette wheel was much in vogue between each race.

There were some nice horses. One little black which started a hundred yards after the others in one race, came in a close second. She also won the next race with a fair start.

The coast line along here is indented into narrow harbours like the fjords of Norway. Killary Fjord is the best known—long and narrow, with steep hills on each side, green with trees.

Pop went the left hind tire. Bang went the right hind tire! The rain was pouring, the road was inches deep in mud, and the village we had passed a minute before had no garage. We changed the left tire in the mud and rain, pumped up the right one and drove five miles to a garage.

Luckily the right one stayed hard until we reached it.

We went into a little shop to arrange for some tea while the tires were being fixed. You can get tea in almost any shop in a small town if you ask hard enough, and the woman in this one agreed right away to get us some.

Mother went in by the fire but I went back to the garage. When I returned and entered the kitchen, the old man sitting by the fire said that Mother had told him she had a daughter, and he had arranged to have me for his son who was sitting there. I looked around and saw the son reading a newspaper at a table, a boy of nineteen, typically Irish and very good-looking, with fiery, curly red hair. I laughed.

"Will ye have him?" asked the old man.

I laughed again and said, "I think I will go along with the family and finish my education at home."

I sat down by the fire and in a minute he asked me would I be stopping. I thought he meant to ask when our trip was over, so I said, "No, we sail Saturday."

"I mean will ye be stopping *here?*"

"I don't think so, but maybe I'll come back some time."

"Well he's a good looking boy, isn't he? There were some English ladies here a week ago who

said he was the best looking boy they ever seen."

"Now, Father——"

"Well, they did. What do you think about him?" to me.

"Oh, well, I always have liked Irishmen, and I always liked red hair," I replied.

"Those are all points in my favour," said the object of discussion.

"But your father asked me what I thought of you."

We went up to tea then. When we came down again the father asked me again would I be stopping.

I had forgotten that he had asked me before and misunderstood again. "We're sailing Saturday."

"I mean, will ye be stopping here?"

The car was fixed so we started to move along. I went over to shake hands with the old man, and he stood up and kissed me! I was so astounded that I almost fell over.

"I hope ye'll come back some time," quoth he. "I'd like ye for a daughter-in-law."

I had been about to sink to the ordinary views of the Irish climate after two days of pouring rain, but the next day was heavenly, and you might easily get two days of rain at home in the summer, so I continue in my opinion that the Irish climate is maligned.

We went up to the abbey at Dromahair, and then drove to Sligo along the exquisite shores of Lough Gill. Rain really is essential, because when you have a sunny day after two days of rain, you appreciate it twice as much. This day was gorgeous and past description as the sun danced on the ripples of the lake. The valleys fairly shone in the light and the grain fields were glorious.

There are many castles and Druid remains around Sligo. We saw the castle of Brefney O'Rourke, a poet and chieftain. It is right over the lake.

On the right of Sligo lies the steep headland of Rosses Point, which, we judged, was the destination of the fairy king in "Up the airy Mountain, down the rushy glen," when he crosses "from Slieve League to Rosses." Slieve League is on the end of a peninsula where we went later.

On the left of Sligo is the steep headland of Mr. W. B. Yeats's poem, "The Hosting of the Sidhe" which begins "The Host is riding from Knocknarea." Knocknarea is the headland. The poem is well worth reading.

The mountain Benbulbin, as you go from Sligo around the shore road, looks just as if it had been cut out of cardboard and stuck up there. It comes to a sharp point in front which looks as if it had no width at all. It is a very

striking mountain, straight and steep with rocky cliffs around the top. When we had gone far enough around to see that it was not a cardboard mountain, we went back a mile and took another road.

We had a picnic lunch in a field. We have had picnics all over the country. Mother asks for a knife in the store where she buys the bread, butters the bread right there, gets cheese and jam to spread later with Amos's knife, and we finish off with tomatoes and chocolate.

There was a donkey in the field where we had lunch. Dad started things by giving the donkey a piece of his sandwich. After that we all fed the donkey pieces of our sandwiches, and then he became quite friendly and followed us around.

Bob wanted to get on, but he didn't dare. Finally he gave the donkey an extra large piece of sardine sandwich to put him in a good humour, and hopped on. The donkey blinked and said nothing—not that we had expected him to say anything; also he did nothing. Amos took a piece of cheese sandwich and tried to coax him around, but the donkey liked sardines better. He finally did move a couple of feet, but it wasn't very exciting, so Bob dismounted. Of course, we all made sweet remarks about it all.

"That's the finest flock of donkeys I've seen in Ireland," said Dad, when the three of us were

MOTHER AND SON

IN COUNTY DOWN WE FOUND A CROMLECH WITH ITS TOP STILL ON

ST. MARYLEBONE

YOUNG HURLERS OF THE CLADDAGH, OR FISHERMEN'S VILLAGE, OF GALWAY

PLAYING HURLEY, A GAME THAT WAS OLD WHEN CUCHULAIN WAS YOUNG

MARYLEBONE

with him. Then he took a picture of "Bob and the other donkey."

"I didn't get this lunch to be fed to donkeys," said Mother, as we tried him on a piece of tomato, which he ate greedily.

"Amos and Bob, stop eating, we didn't get this for you," Dad and I called.

"Try your friend on a cracker, Bob."

He ate crackers too, but when he gobbled greedily a piece of milk chocolate with raisins and nuts, we all doubled up with laughter. By this time, whenever we came over to the lunch basket, the animal would follow us.

We finally had to say a sad farewell, but he didn't pay any attention to us when we left. Just as we reached the car, from the other side of a clump of trees came forth a loud and plaintive, "Hee-haw! Eeeeee——eeeeeee haw! Heeee-haw! Eeeeeeee," and we all insisted that he was saying goodbye.

We drove along the shores of Glencar Lough, heavily wooded on its banks and covered with wild swans.

We left the woods presently and came out where we could see the mountains all around us. They were the queerest set of mountains I have ever seen—not a bit conventional, but shaped in odd ways. They were very picturesque, however, and very striking. One of them had a frill

around its top—a border of rocks that looked just like a ruff or collar, fluted and designed.

We took all the little back roads to keep away from the main road, as the scenery was prettier here, and by the time we reached Ballyshannon, which is twenty-one miles from Sligo, we had covered about fifty miles.

Ballyshannon is the town in which the nurse we had when we were babies grew up, and she had told us to go there. Going through this town is the only way to get into Donegal without crossing the border of Northern Ireland.

There is a ruined castle on the river at Ballyshannon. We took the road out towards Glencolumbkille which is at the end of a peninsula. By the time we passed Killybegs it was almost dark, and the end of that peninsula was the eeriest place in the dark that I have ever seen. Slieve League rose ahead, and all the land around us was desolate moor, treeless and bushless. When a horse from Glencolumbkille goes inland he shies every time he sees a tree.

We began pretending we saw spooks and ghosts all around us. It was a good night for them—cold and gloomy.

We arrived at Glencolumbkille, to find that the one hotel was jammed. We had to retrace our steps five miles to another which I would not list in the category of hotels. We had been going all

day, and yet could procure only three beds. Those were too short, went up at the sides and down in the middle, were bumpy, the sheets didn't reach either top, bottom, or sides, and there weren't enough covers—otherwise they were very comfortable.

It was after ten, and they could give us nothing to eat but boiled eggs, bread and tea. The idea of eggs at that time of night amused us, and we all got silly, though we were so sleepy we could hardly stay awake. The bowl of ten boiled eggs was soon emptied, and we discovered at the bottom a war-time slogan—"Are we down-hearted? NO!!" And that amused us still more. Dad changed it into cockney, and the rest of the evening and for the next week he would shout forth at surprising intervals, "Are we daown-'earted? NAOW!"

We parted next morning from the good ladies who thought they ran a hotel and went back to Glencolumbkille. This place was the headquarters of Saint Columba. The twelve crosses of Saint Columba are scattered around the country side, mostly heaps of stone now, except for the two in the graveyard of the present church, which still have carving on them. There is a holy well on a hillside, with a wee bit of the walls of a chapel and three crosses below it.

There are heathen remains here, too, in the

ST. MARYLEBONE

shape of several cromlechs. We saw three in one field, and four others in two neighbouring fields. It must have been a great ceremonial place to have so many together.

There was a most wonderful beach farther on along the coast at Malin Head—Silver Strand it is called, though it is more golden than silver. The beach is a half-moon at the bottom of a steep slope. Bob, Amos and I went swimming there. We disturbed several fish from the sandy bottom. They looked like flatfish, but Dad said later they were probably sole. The beach looked as if it had never been stepped on before and there wasn't anyone in sight except Mother, high on the top of the slope above us.

The road from Glencolumbkille to Ardara is described by Stephen Gwynn in his "Ireland" as the "most notably dangerous road in Ireland." We didn't know that until afterwards, but we could see that it was dangerous. "Ireland," by the way, is about the best guide book on Ireland. It is very thorough, and entertaining as well.

The road to Ardara is down a valley that beats the Gap of Dunloe in Killarney all hollow. Dunloe can't even compare with the Gap of Glengesh, and yet the latter isn't very well known.

The road is very steep and full of hairpin turns, and the view is glorious. A river winds down beside the road and every inch of land is culti-

vated. There are mountains ahead, mountains behind, and mountains on either side. The ones ahead are purple and blue in the distance, but the others are purple with heather and grey with rock at the top, and then green with fields and golden with grain on the lower sides.

Everyone was working in the hay fields, even though it was Sunday, because it was a fine day and the farmers wanted the hay under cover. Whole families from fathers to toddlers would wave from the haystacks as we passed. Houses nestled among little clumps of bushes in the fields.

From the bottom of the pass the road looked well-nigh impassable, it was so steep.

At Ardara there were two hotels. We wanted a hot meal as we had not had one all day, but on Sundays it is a hard task to get anything hot after mid-day dinner. Mother went into one hotel but it wasn't very hopeful, so she went across the street to the other.

"Can you give us a hot meal?" asked she of the girl who came to the door.

"I'll go into the kitchen to see."

Came a pause of several minutes.

"Yes, what do you want?" said the girl returning.

"Could we have some hot soup?"

"I'll see."

Pause of some minutes.

"We never serve soup in such hot weather." —We had been shivering all afternoon.

"How about a vegetable?" asked Mother still hopefully.

Pause while she went to the kitchen.

"We could give you some potatoes."

"How long would it take?" inquired Mother.

Pause while the girl interviewed the mistress in the kitchen.

"We have some potatoes cooked," remarked she, "but they're for some ladies coming in this evening. We can't give you any tea at all."

With this polite dismissal, we went to the first hotel and managed to get a good meal finally.

Donegal is one of the most beautiful regions in Ireland and the whole county is heavenly. The light began to grow dim soon after we left Ardara, and we drove all through the twilight, the best time to see landscape if the day has been clear. Gweebarra Bay was colourful in the fading light, full of long golden sand bars, and surrounded by rocks, trees, and fields of heather.

There are many small lakes in that district which were all full from the fortnight's rain which had been falling on the mainland, while we had been having almost perfect weather in the Arans.

Mount Errigal sticks up steeply cone-shaped for 2466 feet from what seems on the Gweedore

side a perfectly flat plain. There are other mountains around, but they are hidden in this view. It is startling to come out on this rocky cone, especially as there is no warning. You just burst upon it.

Dad fell quite in love with it and kept stretching around to see it when we turned off in another direction. He took two time exposures of it with our big camera, a Goerz, at nine-thirty at night when the sky was overcast with heavy clouds. They both came out well.

After the beds of the night before, we were all glad to get comfortable ones in a place with the name of Gortahork. We decided that the name sounded like a beautiful "cuss-word" when said way down in your throat, so we used it as such.

Next morning we went around the inland end of Lough Swilly on a road which put part of Northern Ireland south of us and we crossed the border at a place which made part of the Free State to the north of us.

CHAPTER XVII

NORTHERN IRELAND, AND OUR LAST HAPPY WEEK

AT the border Dad was asked for his car papers, so he gave them his Free State and Northern Ireland licenses. That wasn't enough. The officials had to have proof that it was a Free State car or they couldn't give us a pass, and Dad remembered no such proof in the form of a paper. The Automobile Association had said he was all fixed up to go through, and that was all he knew about it. The car was hired in Dublin. The very sleepy little official rubbed his eyes and said to look for the chassis number. By this time I was getting THAT kind of a feeling in the pit of my stomach, and was picturing us driving back to Dublin and taking the train to Belfast.

Just then Dad said "By Jove" and remembered that the "A. A." had given him a paper which he had tucked into the pocket of his suitcase a month before and had not seen or thought of

since. We were let through when it was produced, and proceeded the two miles to the Northern Ireland Customs Station.

Dad had been told at the Free State side that the official ahead was a big Ulsterman named Murphy, so when Dad was asked his name by the Ulsterman, he replied, "Murphy; ever heard that name in these parts before?" and the other Murphy practically fell on Dad's shoulder, he was so pleased.

Londonderry is more like a busy modern American city than any of the cities in the south —though it differs at least in the fact that we saw several herds of cows and sheep being driven through the main streets, and that is one thing I have never seen at home.

James II, the first Catholic English King for a century and a half, fled to France when William of Orange landed, and asked Louis XIV for help against their mutual enemy. He returned to Ireland to find himself at the head of a Catholic Irish army, undisciplined and unarmed.

James soon set off for Londonderry which he expected to seize easily, since the governor of the town had deserted to him. Seven thousand English and Scotch Protestants manned the walls, determined to hold the city against the Catholics.

James put a boom across the river and had everything well guarded, but for three and a half

months, in spite of terrible starvation, the city held out.

At the end of that time, English ships with supplies from England came into the bay, but Kirke, the commander, did not see how he could reach Derry, so he waited, inactive, for six weeks while pestilence broke forth in the city. Then, by order, he essayed to break the boom. The *Mountjoy* went at it, it cracked and gave, but the *Mountjoy* was stuck in the mud by the rebound. She fired a broadside at the Irish who ran to board her, and the force of that dislodged her.

That evening, Derry had new soldiers, supplies and food.

We had been in the mountains for so long that to come into flat country as suddenly as we did made it rather depressing. The country was rolling and there were some mountains in the distance, but we missed being right in them.

"What a nice grove of trees," remarked Dad. Just as he said that we realized it was a ringfort, and a very good one, though none we saw all the trip ever compared with that of Brian Boru outside Limerick. This was a rather small one with double earthworks, and trees all over it. I suppose trees were planted on the raths fairly recently because they are about the only place for trees; every inch of field is cultivated in most

parts of the country. We felt quite cheered up and forgot not having hills, and then when we saw a baby donkey, a white one, the last we were to see, we were in good spirits again.

Portrush is the big summer resort of Ireland. It is a very up-to-date place, a typical formal resort, the kind that none of us care for much, so we just drove through.

Dunluce Castle is on the very edge of a hundred foot high cliff over the sea near Portrush, and has many stories connected with it.

Once when Christmas dinner was being prepared, all the best plate, china, silver and linen were laid out on tables in the kitchen. Suddenly a noise was heard, and the inhabitants, on rushing to the spot, found that the kitchen and the surrounding rooms had all fallen with part of the cliff into the ocean.

M'Quillan Dhu, onetime lord of the castle, one day called his lovely daughter, Mava Roe, to introduce her to Rory Oge, who was to become her husband. She was horrified, for she was in love with Reginald O'Cahan, son of her father's enemy, who had been a prisoner in the castle.

Rory Oge discovered the rival, and M'Quillan imprisoned Mava in the tower. He went to her four times, each time to find her sewing on a white robe, which was, she declared, not her bridal robe, but her shroud. After the third

visit, he took away her servants, but Reginald's fairy kept her room swept and clean.

M'Quillan loved his daughter and did not like to see her sad, so he arranged secretly for her to escape with Reginald.

One day when her father was out, she, standing by the window, in her white dress, heard a voice tell her to go to the cave below. Her door was unlocked, so she went and met O'Cahan.

A storm came up as they pushed their little boat off shore. M'Quillan had returned to see if all went well. He saw the boat struggling in the waves, and remembering that Mava had said her dress would be her shroud, he ordered boats to the rescue, but the lovers were drowned.

The fairy still sweeps the tower room of Mava Roe.

We were assailed by boatmen immediately on reaching the Giant's Causeway, but we put them off till morning. It was a beautiful evening for the trip, but we were tired and went to bed, and as luck would have it, it rained the next day. We bundled up and set forth with a boatman who is called "Old Hutchinson" and who told us to recommend him to our friends. He was a grand old talker.

As the boat pulls away from the shore, the boatman points out a column of rock which re-

sembles a camel. Then from another angle the hump turns into a lion's head.

The first place visited by boat is the Portgoon Cave. Many wild rock doves flew away as we neared the forty-five foot high arch that forms the entrance. The cave is 420 feet long, but in a boat the size of ours one can only go in a short distance because of sunken rocks. A crack runs along the top from the entrance to the very end, leading to the opinion that the cave was made by the sides of a gorge coming together, and not by being hollowed out by the waves. The walls are many-coloured, especially in green and pink streaks, caused by copper sulphate and oxide of iron.

Midway between this cave and the next one is a column of rock with the figure of a monkey sitting on top. There is another small cave, but it can only be entered in a very light boat because of the sunken rocks. The other one which the rowboat enters is the Runkerry or Cathedral Cave, which is 96 feet high at the entrance and 666 feet long. There are two cracks in the top of this one, and one side is traprock, the other basalt.

Old Hutchinson said, "There are many ghosts in this cave."

"Have you ever seen any here?" we asked.

"Not here, but many of the boatmen have dead relatives here. I have seen ghosts in dry caves on the land."

"Did you recognize them?"

"I don't know who they were, but they were like people dressed in flowing white robes."

Ghosts are ghosts because they have had foul play on earth, and they may not rest until the wrong is atoned.

I said, "I once read an Irish story about a man who appeared to a girl outside the family to tell her that he could not rest until his relatives stopped quarrelling over his trousers. The girl told the relatives, they stopped, the next night the man returned, thanked the girl, and said that he could now rest in peace." The boatmen were very amused.

We rowed over past the Causeway to see the Giant's Organ. Everyone knows that it was Finn Macoul who built the Causeway to get at his enemy, Fingall, in Scotland, and of course he had to have sources of amusement around so he could rest from his work. He still plays his organ, a line of columns up and down the hillside, on Christmas morning once every seven years. Our boatman had never gotten up early enough to hear it, but this is the great year and he is going to hear it if he has to stay up all night. Finn Macoul plays "Patrick's Day in the Morn-

ing," which is a Catholic song, and "The Boyne Water," which is Protestant Orangeman, so he pleases everyone.

There are also columns in the shape of an Irish Harp, a huge amphitheatre sloping down to the water, and the "Chimney Tops," columns sticking up on top of the cliff. When the Spanish Armada came, the Spaniards mistook the Chimney Tops for the turrets of Dunluce Castle and shot at them. One of the ships went ashore here later. There is supposed to be still a building in Derry which was built from the wood of it.

A huge stone on the side of the Causeway nearest the Tops is called the Church. The steeple of it is on the east end instead of the west, where steeples are usually placed here. When Finn Macoul preached in the church, he could be heard in Scotland, twenty-seven miles away.

When Finn built the Causeway, Mrs. Macoul brought the pieces for him from Scotland. She could walk across on the water, and he could have too, without having troubled to build a Causeway, but he didn't have enough faith, Old Hutchinson told us. Once when Mrs. Macoul was carrying a piece across in her apron, the strings broke. The piece fell into the water and has been there ever since, as Rathlin Island, nine miles long by three and a half wide—quite a load even for a giantess.

"When I stand on that cliff, on a clear day I can see America," said Old Hutchinson gravely. We laughed, so he continued, "You don't believe me? Well, I can see much farther than that. If I stand on that cliff on a moonlit night, I can see the moon. Now, that's farther away nor America, isn't it, young ladies and gentlemen?"

The actual Causeway was just like the pictures I had always seen of it. It is divided into three parts—the Grand, Middle and Little Causeways. In the Grand Causeway we saw the only octagonal stone. It is called Key-Stone, and the boatman said some people think the whole thing would fall apart if it were removed.

All the Causeway is made of basalt pillars, many-sided, irregularly regular. It is not known how far down they go. Each pillar is entirely separate from the others, yet you cannot get a knifeblade down between them. The ends of the blocks are concave and convex, for the pillars are segmented like the back bone of a fish, and if you put something between and tap it lightly, the section above the cleavage line will come off.

The pillars are all different heights and one specially high group is known as the "Wishing Chair." You make three wishes in this and then if you drink from the "Wishing Well" coming up between the pillars nearby, your wishes will come true within twelve months.

MT. ERRIGAL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PEAKS AMONG THE FAIRY MOUNTAINS OF DONEGAL

ST. MARY'S

DAD, ALISON, BOB, AND AMOS, HOMEWARD BOUND

HARVEST TIME IN CONNAUGHT

It was pouring again by the time we left, so we took the coast road right to Belfast, passing the famous nine Glens of Antrim, wooded and waterfalled. At one point on the Irish Sea, we saw fifty wild swans resting on the water close to shore.

We stopped to see Ossian's Grave, a mixture of a ruined cromlech and a small stone circle, and later to visit Carrickfergus Castle. William of Orange came into the castle by a trap door cut in the rock underneath. It is at the mouth of Belfast Lough and is a very story-bookish castle.

Belfast is a modern city, a centre of linen making, with factories and big buildings. The City Hall in the main Square is a handsome edifice, and a new museum has recently been opened.

We had friends just outside the city and they happened to telephone to a hotel they had told us about, just as we arrived there. They came right in to get us settled and made plans for our stay.

Mr. Cunningham took us to see some ancient monuments the next day, with Mr. Welch, a well-known photographer and naturalist as our guide. He is a marvel. He not only knows the full history of the things we saw, but he can identify anything in the natural history line from trees to beetles, and can discourse fully on any subject brought up. He was photographer to Queen Vic-

toria, and takes marvellous pictures by the hundred all over Ireland.

We saw our first cromlech with the top on, on this trip, a huge one. The top stone alone weighed about thirty tons or more. It is supported by four smaller stones as pillars.

The Abbey at Nendrum dates from the time of the beehive huts, which were built in the fifth century. Some foundations of the huts are still to be seen, though they are just single rings of stone on the ground now. Several stones with carvings of crosses, and one with a Roman design, were found here in the excavations recently, and in a place just to one side of the abbey were found the bones of thirty Irishmen, probably monks, and two or three Danes. By marks on the skulls it was determined that the inhabitants were massacred by the Danes in a raid.

A path of flagstone was also uncovered which is actually mentioned in an early chronicle as the "Monk's Walk." Saint Patrick himself is supposed to have walked here. There was one stone in the walk which used to trip up an old monk. St. Patrick heard of this and commanded the stone to get up and throw itself into the lake, which it promptly did.

We took another trip with one of the same family, a handsome young Irishman of six feet four, to the Mourne Mountains, a beautiful

range at the end of County Down, just across Carringford Lough from the Free State.

We picked up a friend of our host in the town where the story of "What did she die of? She died of a Tuesday," originated. He was going to show us the grave of an Irish Giant in a cemetery nearby, but none of us understood where we were going. We drove up to the cemetery, not seeing what it was because of the high wall. Mother saw the gate-house and asked, "Is this where you live?"

The grave was that of Patrick Murphy, who lived nearby in the middle of the nineteenth century. He was eight feet and one inch tall and was admittedly the tallest man in the world at that time.

There is another story about one of the graves here. A tramp's mother died in a village ten miles away, and he, for some unknown reason, wished to bury her here. He went to the undertaker, pointed to a stone and asked how much it was. The undertaker, seeing this ragged, barefoot tramp and thinking he didn't have five pence on him, asked for five pounds. The stone was worth much more, but when the tramp said he would take it for that, the other man couldn't raise the price, as a friend of the tramp was with him as a witness. The stone was transported to the graveyard and the tramp went back to get

his mother. He put her in a turf barrow and started to wheel her the ten miles. Night fell on him before he reached the cemetery, so he stopped to ask a farmer if he could put him up.

"Certainly," said the farmer.

"I have my mother outside, may I bring her in too?"

When he came in wheeling the body on a barrow, the farmer was quite shocked and surprised.

On a mountain nearby is a stone head, said to be that of Finn Macoul.

A Holy Well of Saint Brigid is by the cemetery and is a cure for weak eyes if they are washed there after sunset.

A bell used to ring here before a storm, warning sailors. No one had ever seen it, so many people disbelieved the story. An old tree came down not long ago and an ancient bell was found in the trunk. It was hung in the branches and rang when the wind swayed them.

Mrs. Cunningham took Mother and me through a linen factory while other members of the family entertained the boys the next day.

Irish linen is known, of course, all over the world and it was wonderful to see it being made in the largest factory in Belfast.

The flax is pulled, rotted for a week, and dried. A factory in Scotland separates the stalk from the flax fibres.

When the fibre comes from the Scotch factory, it is very rough. It is combed out by hand first over wire brushes. The long pieces are put in bundles to make line yarn, the best, and the short pieces which are combed out are used for tow yarn. After this, the roughing, it is combed by machine, and then is sorted by hand into five qualities, mostly according to length. After the sorting the bundles look like "flaxen hair," soft and silky.

Small bundles of flax are put on the "spread-board," each bundle overlapping the ends of the one before it. These are drawn through brushes by a machine which goes faster than the flax is put on it, so it is drawn out longer and thinner. When it comes out of the machine as a "sliver," it is like a very thin ribbon an inch or more wide. This process is repeated four or five times, and each time the ribbon is longer, narrower and more closely knit together where the bundles overlapped.

After that it is wound onto a large spool as thread. The threads of two spools are run through hot water to make them pliable, and are twisted together.

The thread is taken off the spools to be made into skeins and then is threaded on other spools. Over eight hundred spools are wound onto a large roll to begin making the warp of the cloth. Six

or four of these rolls, each with over eight hundred threads, are wound onto one other roll and the warp is ready for weaving.

When damask table cloths or napkins are being woven, there is a pattern, consisting of round holes on heavy cardboard of some kind, which regulates the pegs and needles so the pattern is woven in.

The cloth is scraped in a machine with knife blades inside to smooth it off, and then it is sent away to be bleached. Most of the material is made in natural linen, though some is bleached before the thread is woven. If it is bleached first it won't shrink.

We went into a room where there were piles and piles of handkerchiefs being folded and boxed, and another where they were embroidered. The embroidering is machine done, but it is a harder job than I had thought.

The factory has its own laundry, for everything embroidered has to be washed afterward.

In the last room are the finished products, hung on screens for buyers to see—everything in the way of "flat linen" from handkerchiefs to table cloths.

The Cunninghams who had entertained us every day, came to a farewell dinner with us and then went down to the wharf afterward.

Just eight weeks before, to a day, we had

landed in Ireland. Our first conveyance after we left the train from Dunlaoghaire to Dublin was an Irish jaunting car. We had had to cling on as we dashed madly (so it seemed) through the streets on a very rickety "contraption" (as Bob would say) behind a spirited horse, and we had wondered that no one turned to look at us.

It was absolutely essential to our peace of mind that we also finish in an Irish jaunting car. Belfast is a modern city and they are rapidly disappearing, though there are many left in Dublin.

The hotel porter scoured the city for one and came back without it. It was nine P.M., and the tender to the steamer was supposed to leave at nine-thirty (it didn't leave until eleven), so we were on the point of taking a taxi when the porter came back once more, victorious.

Mother, Bob, Amos and I climbed on and started. Dad had gone with the Cunninghams. We could by now stay on without clinging to everything in sight. We didn't feel as though we were going to fall down miles to the ground at any minute. We felt that the conveyance would hang together while we were on it, and though the horse was brisk, we wanted to go faster. People do look at you in Belfast, where jaunting cars are rare, but we didn't mind.

The sky was just turning to a glorious deep blue with purple clouds in the distance. We didn't

care what happened; we had secured our jaunting car to finish in and we were going home, all of us with a secret resolve to return to this land of beauty and hospitality.

ST. MARYLEBONE